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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Light of Atlantis

a short story by

SAX ROHMER

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JAN 23 1932

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A hidden repair bill in every fill of oil *that thickens with cold*

Inferior oils, frequently offered at bargain prices, are dangerous

They thicken like molasses at the first touch of frost. They may be filled with paraffin wax, gums, tars or carbon-forming impurities. Such oils are the cause of many an unexpected repair bill. The simplest way to prevent uncalled for winter wear and unnecessary lay-ups is to protect your engine with Texaco.

Texaco Motor Oil is internationally famous for its *low cold test.* It flows at the first turn of the starter—even at zero. Free from all harmful traces of paraffin wax and other impurities, it does not thicken with cold.

You cannot get better winter protection anywhere than a crankcaseful of free-flowing Texaco. It's as important as anti-freeze solution for your radiator. And at highest engine temperatures, Texaco is crack-proof. Cold or hot, Texaco protects every moving part.

The Texaco sign invites you. Stop at any of the convenient Texaco Stations throughout the United States for assured cold-weather driving ease and economy.

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TEXACO FLOWS

The "HOUR-GLASS" TEST

This simple, yet dramatic, test can be made in any home refrigerator. Two "hour-glasses," one filled with Texaco and one with a poorly adapted motor oil, were frozen in a cake of ice. Texaco flowed freely at this low temperature. The other oil thickened like molasses.

In the average engine there are twenty or more fine oil channels no thicker than the waist of the "hour-glasses" shown here. Through these narrow channels oil must flow quickly. Many oils hesitate until they are thoroughly warmed up by engine action. Then it is too late. More wear has occurred than during miles of warmed-up driving.

TEXACO

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save with

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

FOLLOW CAR MANUFACTURERS DRAINING RECOMMENDATIONS

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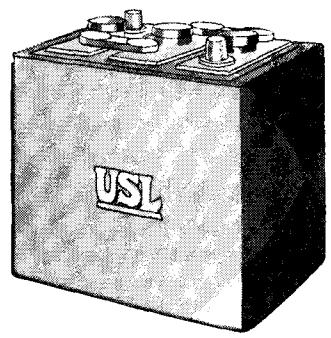
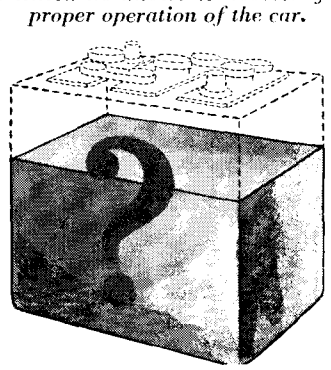
It takes MORE than a guarantee TO START A CAR



This represents the cold weather starting power of the USL battery which the car manufacturer uses as initial equipment and which he knows is necessary for proper operation of the car.



This represents the average cold weather starting power of many "bargain" batteries. Only 66% of the power required—because the plates are much smaller than USL and the materials used lack that extra power produced by USL formulas.

Here is a man who recently bought a low priced, "bargain" battery with a liberal guarantee. Now he is having a nasty time trying to start his car. Before he gets through he will pay for a service call, a recharge and a rental battery. This will add about $2.25 to the price of his battery. It probably will not be long before he repeats this experience and pays another $2.25.

His battery is comparatively new—it hasn't worn out—so he has no claim on the guarantee. NOW HE KNOWS THAT IT TAKES MORE THAN A GUARANTEE TO START A CAR! His battery just didn't have the power his car required, although it looked as big and had as many plates as the battery that came originally in the car.

Unfortunately, outside dimensions, appearance or number of plates do not tell how much starting power a battery will deliver. That is why it is so difficult to know just what you are buying unless you choose the product of a long-established, nationally-known organization such as USL. That is why all leading car manufacturers endorse USL quality—why many use USL as initial equipment.

One of the 18,000 USL dealers is near you. He will gladly show you a dependable 13-plate USL Frontier battery which costs only $6.65 exchange.

USL BATTERY CORPORATION
Niagara Falls, New York

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USL **BATTERIES**

Long Life • Dependable Power

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

GENE TUNNEY has written for Collier's the story of his fighting life. It begins two weeks from now, but next week we shall print a descriptive announcement of the work. Mr. Tunney wrote *that*, too, and his promises of accuracy and frankness are fulfilled completely in his articles. We mention it now so you will have time enough to train for the struggle at the news stands when the first story appears on Friday, January 29th. If you receive Collier's through the mail you have to fight off merely the members of your family.

DAMON RUNYON'S short story in next week's issue is about a doll called Silk, who is an orphan. She never had a chance to go to school, so various citizens give her education their personal attention. Regret, the horse-player, shows her how to build up a sucker. Big Nig teaches her to switch in a pair of tops on a craps game. Doc Daro, the card shuffler, makes her see what rascals guys are, and Professor D, somewhat daffy on the subject of reading books, teaches her philosophy and discovers that she has a soul.

What Silk does with her assorted talents is a big surprise indeed to Israel Ib, the banker. She is a great credit to her tutors who are, after all, good guys if you haven't anything they want. Read Silk's story in "Broadway Financier."

—

FROM 1838 to 1918 not one governor of Maryland was given a second term. The man in the governor's chair today, however, is serving his *fourth* term. Why? What has he done to earn the confidence of his people?

You'll find the answers in George Creel's interview with "States' Rights Ritchie." Governor Ritchie replies to all questions directly. On tariff, prohibition, unemployment insurance, the Sherman Act, water power, farm relief, overcapitalization, he expresses himself without straddling or resorting to platitudes. "Take me or leave me," seems to be his attitude. "Here's where I stand and this is what I think." Very unusual.

—

LUCIAN CARY'S short story, "Sure to Lose," is about a young man who was so obviously wrong that dire things were prophesied for him. Most of them didn't happen because a girl headed them off. The power of love again.

—

HERBERT RAVENEL SASS writes a story of other days, "The Love Pirate;" Edward Tomlinson takes you to South America; Marie Beynon Ray explains the mysteries of winter sports clothes; H. M. Williams writes of high drama in wintry weather; Grantland Rice, Hugh MacNair Kahler, Alan LeMay, Freling Foster, Milton C. Work, the Short Short Story are here in full strength. We were right. This *is* a good year.

THIS WEEK

January 23, 1932

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THE BIG PINK, Part X: Lipstick tells tales.

Page 32—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? We can keep this up indefinitely.

Page 49—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: Facts to fit fingertips.

Page 50—Editorial

THE WASHINGTON MOB.

Any Week

"I HAVE waited as long as I am going to," Mr. Jones L. Prentice of Council Bluffs, Iowa, warns us. "As long as nobody else has come forward, I do with the name of John Nance Garner for President. There he is, my friends."

—

"WHY all this fuss about abandoning the gold standard?" demands Mr. L. R. Hunnefeld of Dayton, Ohio. "Nobody got excited when I went off it in 1929."

—

HAVING a little spare time to dispose of, several of our readers have let their minds run back to the days when Washington was bursting with dollar-a-year men. Here's Mr. Edward S. Rooner of Cincinnati with "a sneaking suspicion that a dollar a year is the correct rating for most executives." And Miss Luella Barnes of Boston wonders what has become of those dollar-a-year men. "Were they laid off?" she inquires. "Or merely had their salaries cut?"

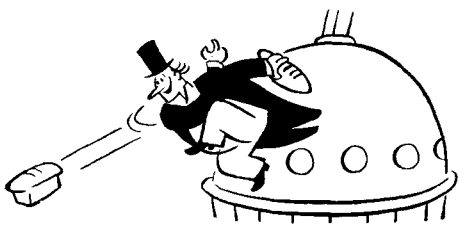
—

AFTER giving our brains a savage cudgeling, we find ourselves unable to understand why so keen a person as Mr. W. B. Powell of De Land, Florida, has only recently become one of our most enthusiastic readers. Yet here's his confession. But once we land them, they never forget it. Listen:

"I liked Collier's so well," writes Mr. Powell, "that I bought some 150 back numbers dating back to 1928. I am reading them all and enjoying them."

—

BELATEDLY enough, Mrs. Louis G. Feld of Chicago discovers that the Farm Board lacks a sense of humor. We admit that the Board has very, very little to laugh at, but Mrs. Feld contends that if it had so much as a small giggle in its system it would have taken a few loads of the wheat it bought in its gallant but hapless attempt to peg the price thereof, convert them into loaves and, standing on the cupola of the Capitol in Washington, hurl some at the hunger-marching carriers of those banners bearing the shibboleth: "We Want Bread."



AND Miss Florence Wolfinger of Brooklyn, New York, would have a word or two with Senator Robinson of Arkansas. She finds the nimble senator explaining that because of the moratorium and our deficit "Congress has no time to discuss Prohibition—a social issue." All that the reasonable Miss Wolfinger wants to know is: "Just what has Congress time for, and when will it decide to do it?"

—

"WE REFUSED to pay our 26,000 city employees," says Mr. George B. McCuen of Philadelphia. "You would think they'd have taken the hint, wouldn't you?"

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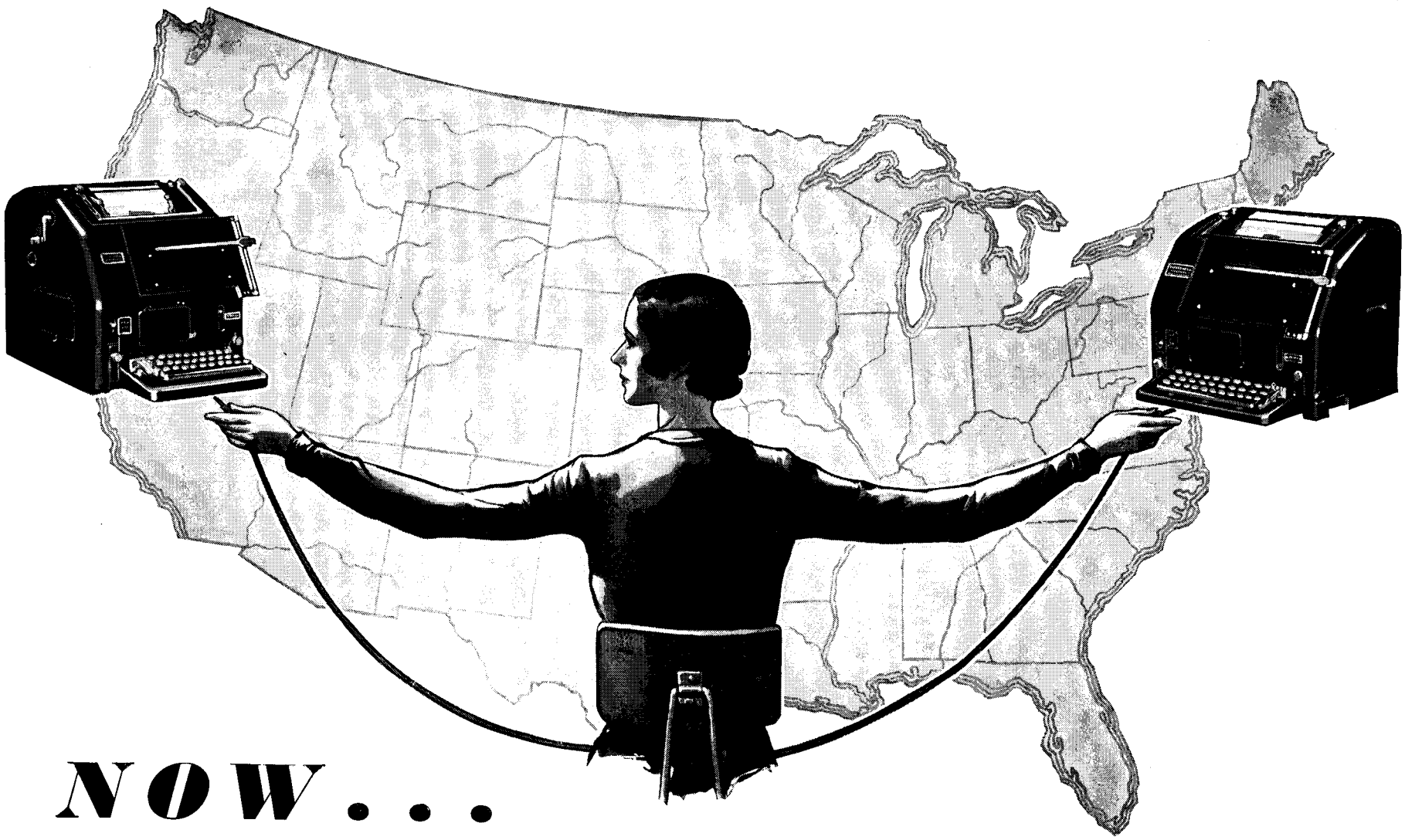

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TELETYPEWRITER exchanges, similar to telephone exchanges, now make it possible for any subscriber to this service to typewrite by wire instantly to any other subscriber, whether he be around the corner or across the continent. Subscribers can type back and forth by wire for short or long periods, just as they now talk by telephone.

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This new service differs from private line teletypewriter service in that any subscriber may ask for any other subscriber and be connected immediately. The cost is low.

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Speed of connection is as fast as telephone service.

A typewritten record, one or more copies, is produced simultaneously by both sending and receiving machines.

Material transmitted may be recorded on forms if desired.

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You can use Teletypewriter Service any time you need it.

A most economical form of record communication.

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What Oxygen does to coffee flavor

Read these amazing facts, proved by scientists in the laboratories of a leading Eastern University:

(1) Loose or bag coffee loses 65% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting

(2) Coffee in old-fashioned cans or cardboard cartons loses 45% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting

All due to the attack of Oxygen—always in the air.

IT'S THE AIR INSIDE THE PACKAGE THAT RUINS COFFEE FLAVOR!

Do you drink half-flavored coffee...

because of OXYGEN, the *Racketeer?*

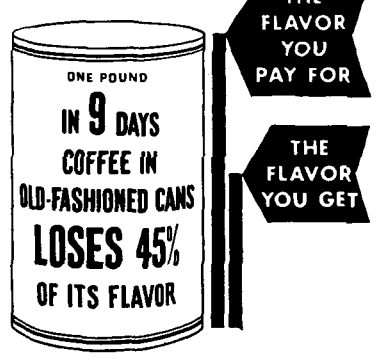
With the VITA-FRESH *Process, Maxwell House brings you the first completely full-flavored coffee*

IF you want the full flavor you pay for, there is just one question to bear in mind, whether you buy coffee in paper bags, cartons, moisture-proof wrappings, old-type cans or vacuum. The question: Is there air *inside* the package?

If there is—coffee deteriorates, loses flavor.

If there isn't, coffee keeps its full flavor indefinitely.

Only one coffee is packed by the method that completely removes and excludes all trace of air (Oxygen) from the *sealed can. That coffee is* Maxwell House—packed by the new Vita-Fresh Process.



No wonder Maxwell House is rising to new popularity!

This protection plus the famous Maxwell House blend is winning thousands of new friends each week. Sales prove it. Whether you have known this coffee in past years or not, you will find in Maxwell House today such flavor, such rich and satisfying smoothness as you have never enjoyed in any coffee before.

Ask your grocer for a pound today—in the sealed and locked can marked with the words "Vita-Fresh." Your first taste will tell you that here indeed is coffee perfection.

"What in the world has happened to your coffee—this is marvelous!"
"I've simply changed to Maxwell House — packed by that new Vita-Fresh Process."
VITA-FRESH
VACUUM PACKED
MAXWELL HOUSE
COFFEE

Don't forget to tune in on Lanny Ross and the famous Maxwell House Orchestra—broadcast over WJZ—N.B.C. chain every Thursday evening, 9:30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

Full FLAVOR Full VALUE

MAXWELL HOUSE *Coffee*

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

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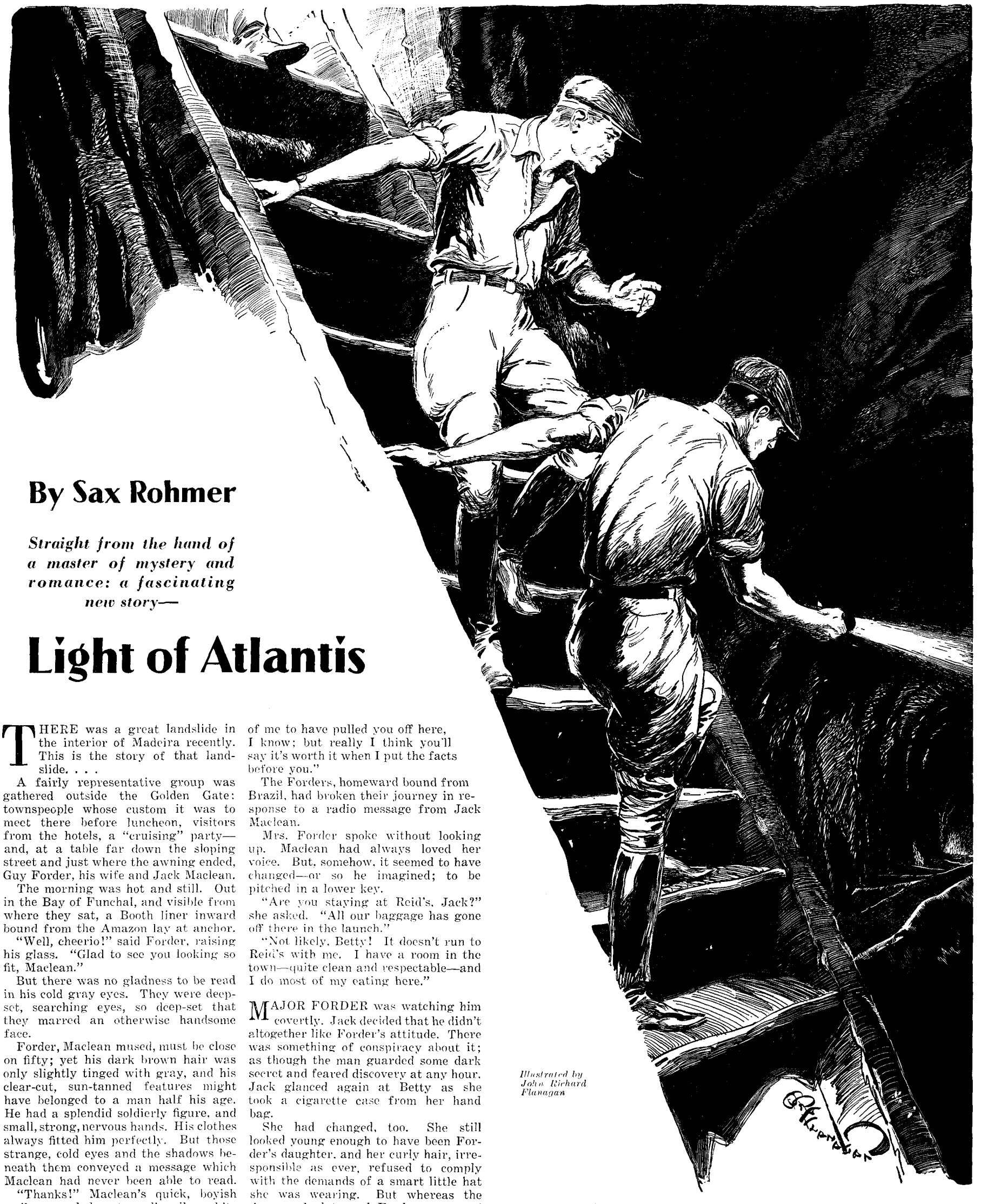

By Sax Rohmer

Straight from the hand of a master of mystery and romance: a fascinating new story—

Light of Atlantis

THERE was a great landslide in the interior of Madeira recently. This is the story of that landslide. . . .

A fairly representative group was gathered outside the Golden Gate: townspeople whose custom it was to meet there before luncheon, visitors from the hotels, a "cruising" party—and, at a table far down the sloping street and just where the awning ended, Guy Forder, his wife and Jack Maclean.

The morning was hot and still. Out in the Bay of Funchal, and visible from where they sat, a Booth liner inward bound from the Amazon lay at anchor.

"Well, cheerio!" said Forder, raising his glass. "Glad to see you looking so fit, Maclean."

But there was no gladness to be read in his cold gray eyes. They were deep-set, searching eyes, so deep-set that they marred an otherwise handsome face.

Forder, Maclean mused, must be close on fifty; yet his dark brown hair was only slightly tinged with gray, and his clear-cut, sun-tanned features might have belonged to a man half his age. He had a splendid soldierly figure, and small, strong, nervous hands. His clothes always fitted him perfectly. But those strange, cold eyes and the shadows beneath them conveyed a message which Maclean had never been able to read.

"Thanks!" Maclean's quick, boyish smile revealed extraordinarily white teeth. "To which I may reply that you both look fit as fleas." He glanced rapidly at Betty Forder. "Awful cheek of me to have pulled you off here, I know; but really I think you'll say it's worth it when I put the facts before you."

The Forders, homeward bound from Brazil, had broken their journey in response to a radio message from Jack Maclean.

Mrs. Forder spoke without looking up. Maclean had always loved her voice. But, somehow, it seemed to have changed—or so he imagined; to be pitched in a lower key.

"Are you staying at Reid's, Jack?" she asked. "All our baggage has gone off there in the launch."

"Not likely, Betty! It doesn't run to Reid's with me. I have a room in the town—quite clean and respectable—and I do most of my eating here."

MAJOR FORDER was watching him covertly. Jack decided that he didn't altogether like Forder's attitude. There was something of conspiracy about it; as though the man guarded some dark secret and feared discovery at any hour. Jack glanced again at Betty as she took a cigarette case from her hand bag.

She had changed, too. She still looked young enough to have been Forder's daughter, and her curly hair, irresponsible as ever, refused to comply with the demands of a smart little hat she was wearing. But whereas the Amazon had turned Forder a sort of brick red, it had reduced Betty's healthy coloring. She looked abnormally pale, Maclean thought, and definitely—he

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

They descended to the bottom of a rough-hewn pit. "Look," said Maclean triumphantly

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With a deafening roar the front of the shrine swung outward and downward. . . . Maclean groaned and threw up his arm

could not be blind to the fact—definitely unhappy.

"There's a Union Castle on Thursday," said Forder, in his rather husky voice. "D'you think we could do our prospecting by then?"

"Quite easily," Maclean assured him. "I can show you the maps and plans at any time. There's no reason why we shouldn't start out tomorrow morning. I won't disguise the fact, Forder, that funds are getting pretty low. And it may be a long job. But it's quite in your line, and I hope to convince you that it's worth the trouble."

"Hope you're right," said Forder, darting one of those rapid glances at his wife. "The Amazon job was a washout; country impossible for a woman, and Betty *would* come. Had to turn back. Suppose you come up and join us for lunch and we'll powwow afterwards."

"Right! It's a bet. I'll just cut along and get my notes. And I might arrange for Pedro to come up to Reid's and join us later. What d'you say?"

"Is Pedro the man you were talking about? The fellow who gave you the plans?"

"Yes."

"And you think he's a survivor of an otherwise extinct race?"

"One of the very few survivors. That's my opinion; but this afternoon you shall form your own."

In a quiet corner of the gardens, the party gathered after lunch.

"You have always had an idea, Forder," said Maclean, "that a white race survives in the heart of Brazil?"

Forder darted one of his lightning glances at the speaker, and:

"I have," he agreed, "but this last trip with Betty has convinced me that it would call for a costly, dangerous and unhealthy journey to test my theory."

"Nevertheless," Maclean persisted, "you *have* such a theory? And I believe that this race—if it could be found—would prove to be allied to a very rare type occasionally met with here, in the Canary group, and among the white Berbers on the mainland. The Sahara Desert lies back there—and still farther back all the flat lands of Egypt. It was ocean once, and the upheaval which broke down some natural barrier and poured that ocean into the bed of what is now the Atlantic, created the legend of the Flood.

"The first time I saw the Peak of Tenerife, I recognized the Mountain of Refuge. That was where the Ark landed!"

"Heard the theory before," said Forder. "Can't find any evidence to support it."

BETTY FORDER glanced rapidly at Maclean. His enthusiasm was infectious. But, looking at his eager, boyish face, she found it hard to realize that he had already found a place for himself in archæology—was recognized as a coming man, whose name would rank one day with those of Petrie, Howard Carter and other great seekers of forgotten history.

"I think"—Maclean spoke very quietly, but with a gleam of excitement in his eyes—"I think I have the evidence."

"What!" Forder roared his astonishment.

"I believe this island to be part of the continent of Atlantis. And if you'll come in on the job with me, I have every hope of laying bare a temple of that lost civilization."

"H'm!" Forder glanced sharply at the speaker, and then swiftly at his wife. "You suggest that the legendary white race of Central America represents a survival of Atlantis, and that this fellow, Pedro, is descended from the same stock?"

"I do. And I think treasures and records were concealed when crumbling of the natural barriers, probably a great range of mountains now submerged in the Atlantic, gave warning of the catastrophe."

And now, Betty thought, it was not so hard, listening to the ring in his voice and noting his flushed cheeks, to realize why a venerable society had admitted Jack Maclean to its ranks. Forder lighted a cigar and bent over the split-cane table, upon which lay a number of notes, a large-scale map, and a faded parchment mounted in a leather case.

"You think you have deciphered this stuff?"

"There's my version of it, Forder. Beyond any doubt, it's a *map*—not in our present, accepted sense, but a map nevertheless. It's impossible to check my reading, however, except by exploration."

"And nobody knows what this stuff is? Looks like papyrus to me."

"It isn't papyrus." Maclean spoke quickly, eagerly. "I had it analyzed. It's of vegetable origin, but practically indestructible, and composed of no substance known to modern botanists. Now here"—he rested a finger on the large-scale map—"is the *quinta* of Ben Rabes, known as the House of the Caves. The caves lie east of it—just about here, where I have done some preliminary digging. . . ."

There came a sound of footsteps on the sandy path above. Maclean glanced up, and: "Ah!" said he. "Here's Pedro. Now, you shall hear the beginning of the story."

The man came down three little steps and joined the party. He wore gray flannel trousers and canvas shoes, and a white shirt with an open collar. A light jacket was slung across his shoulder and his head was bare. Of small build, he was finely proportioned, except that there was something almost effeminate in the lines of his figure. One thought of the sculptures of ancient Greece. He was dark, as many an Arab, but had blue eyes.

"Note his hair," Maclean whispered, aside.

IT WAS indeed worthy of note, being oddly out of place crowning that swarthy countenance. It was straight hair, and of two distinct colors; namely, a sort of dull auburn and an equally dull yellow; these colors alternating to form a pattern regular as that upon the hide of a leopard except that a design of stripes was produced.

"Seen it before," Forder muttered. "Moorish streak somewhere."

Pedro advanced and bowed gravely.

"This is Pedro Gomez," Maclean explained. "I want you, Pedro, to tell Major and Mrs. Forder about this old parchment."

Pedro bowed again, and:

"You see, sir and lady," he said, speaking clearly in English but with a monotonous intonation, "I own one of those little ships which you may see passing along the coast, and which we call the barques of the North. My father owned one before me, and his father; and so, far, far back, all of us have

(*Continued on page 37*)

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The Adventure

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Zona Gale

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

SUDDENLY everything appeared to be different: the elms, the hydrangeas, the flags. Letty remembered that such a change had come over the garden when her father died. But this difference, now, was not less than the arrival of a new world, settling like a rosy cloud on the old. This change had come in deep silence—or was it in a wild clamor?—at the moment of her words to Hugh: "Then let's not struggle any more. I'll go with you."

There had been the new look flashing to Hugh's face, the dropping of his weariness, his hopelessness, and in their stead, quick light. There had been his rush of broken words, the lifting of his incredulity, the return of his sense of life.

Then Letty said: "Alice . . ."

When people spoke of Alice, they always said: "Poor Hugh"

Now Alice was the name of Hugh's wife.

He said: "I've told you that Alice won't care. She cares only for herself."

"Ah, but she will. She must love you—and then her pride . . ."

"Oh, her pride!"

Letty thought of Alice as she had twice seen her—neurotic, irritable, her days a trail from doctor to doctor, to discuss imaginary ills. When people spoke of Alice, they always said: "Poor Hugh."

Letty put aside the thought of Alice.

"Let's plan," she said.

On Alice's account—it seemed that Alice kept on appearing in their plans—on her account, it was agreed that there should not be that which Hugh called "the divorce thing." Alice would hate the publicity and, with her religious ideas, she would certainly never marry again. He and Letty would merely go away. He would make a decent settlement on Alice, and they would go to some New England sea town, far enough north—Alice's parents lived in Portsmouth.

"And soon," Hugh said. "For Lord's sake, soon. I'm at an end. I'll tell her tonight. I'll be back—late."

THROUGH the late afternoon and early evening Letty, as she waited, thought: "I suppose I *am* stealing him. Everyone will say so. They'll begin to ask, 'What's Alice Olin's husband coming to the Butlers' so often for?'"

She wondered whether it was this broken convention that gave her so sweet a sense of adventure. She wondered what Alice had said. . . .

But when Hugh came, he explained that he had not yet told Alice.

"She was feeling so wretched," he said. "I didn't have the heart to start anything. She'll know soon enough. When can we leave . . . when can we leave?"

They talked of their going. Letty's family was to be told nothing. A note left behind was enough for them. With Alice, there would have to be a scene. ("I wish I could spare her that," Hugh said.) Then Hugh and Letty would leave at night, would drive all night, and by dawn would reach a cottage that Hugh knew in the Maine woods.

"It is the supreme adventure," Letty said. "Taking life in our own hands—going away together in spite of them all. No ties, no bonds. Nothing could be more thrilling."

"Oh, nothing," Hugh agreed.

"It's the high mark," Letty said. "Darling, we shall not die, you and I, without having had the big thrill."

Still in that strange new world, she made her preparations. Her heart was light, her thoughts were numbed to everything save Hugh. She said to herself, "Everything is made over. It could never be better."

The night on which they were to leave was still and starless. Letty's bags had been smuggled into the garden. All the evening she was about the house, at the piano, gossiping with her aunt, playing pinochle with her uncle, helping to dress someone for a party. What would they all think? But this was her supreme adventure. She could not trouble with anybody's thoughts. She looked at her aunt and uncle with pity. Life dead, adventure dead, romance dead. Nothing left but habit and pinochle.

IT WAS an hour before she was to go down to the garden to meet Hugh that she heard the telephone, heard her aunt's excited voice crying out:

"Somebody wants you here, Letty—quick. Some man . . ."

It was Hugh. She could hardly catch his pouring confused words:

"There's been a smash—she's frightfuly hurt—yes, Alice. Her car, on a country road . . ."

After the others were asleep, Letty got her bags into the house and up to her room. Not a new world, it seemed, but the same world. She looked about at the old reality of her room, wall paper, furniture, the possessions to which she thought that she had said good-by. Yet these were not the same either. These would never be the same. There must indeed be a series of strange worlds, none of which was real.

Her heart was light, her thoughts numbed to everything save Hugh

She saw Hugh before he went West, after Alice's death.

"Alice never knew anything about us," he said. "Thank God, I had not yet brought myself to tell her. She hadn't a suspicion. She wasn't killed instantly—I got there. She knew me. Letty—suppose it had happened twenty-four hours later. . . ."

He went away. He would be back for her, he would be back for her, he said. But just now she would understand that he couldn't say much.

Through her shock and her sorrow for him and her grief at separation, Letty thought: "He'll come back—but we've lost our real adventure—to take life in our own hands. That's gone."

He stayed in the West but a few months. After all, he and Alice had been remote for years, and their separation by her death was hardly more than their long separation in life.

It was a wet day in late autumn when Letty saw him again. She was poking about in the garden and looking her worst. He stood beside her, in the light drizzle, and when she turned and looked at him, he cried: "Thank God, you're glad to see me."

He took her in his arms, in full view of the windows of all the neighbors. She moved away and looked at him so strangely, so wonderingly that at last he cried: "What's the matter? I'm—I—didn't you know?"

But as they talked on, this look persisted. And now she saw that he, too, was looking strangely at her.

"Letty," he said, "you've no idea how different you seem."

"You mean changed?"

"No, no. Not you. But I mean—now that I know I can have you."

"But you knew that before."

"Oh, that way! But now, it's you and it's I, and there's nothing else to consider, and it's so sure, so settled."

SHE said slowly: "So that's it. That *is* it, isn't it? I know that too." She added with a manner of wonder: "You'll be my husband!"

Without the faintest humor, he responded:

"*My wife.* You'll be my wife. What do you think of that?"

She stared at him, saying, "But this is the thrill, Hugh."

He repeated with a manner of utter stupefaction, "Well, it is. Who'd have believed it?"

They looked about on the dank garden, the elms, the rattling hydrangeas, the leaf-strewn flags. All these seemed not strange, but real and simple and familiar.

People—simple, everyday people they had always known—passed, and saw them standing there.

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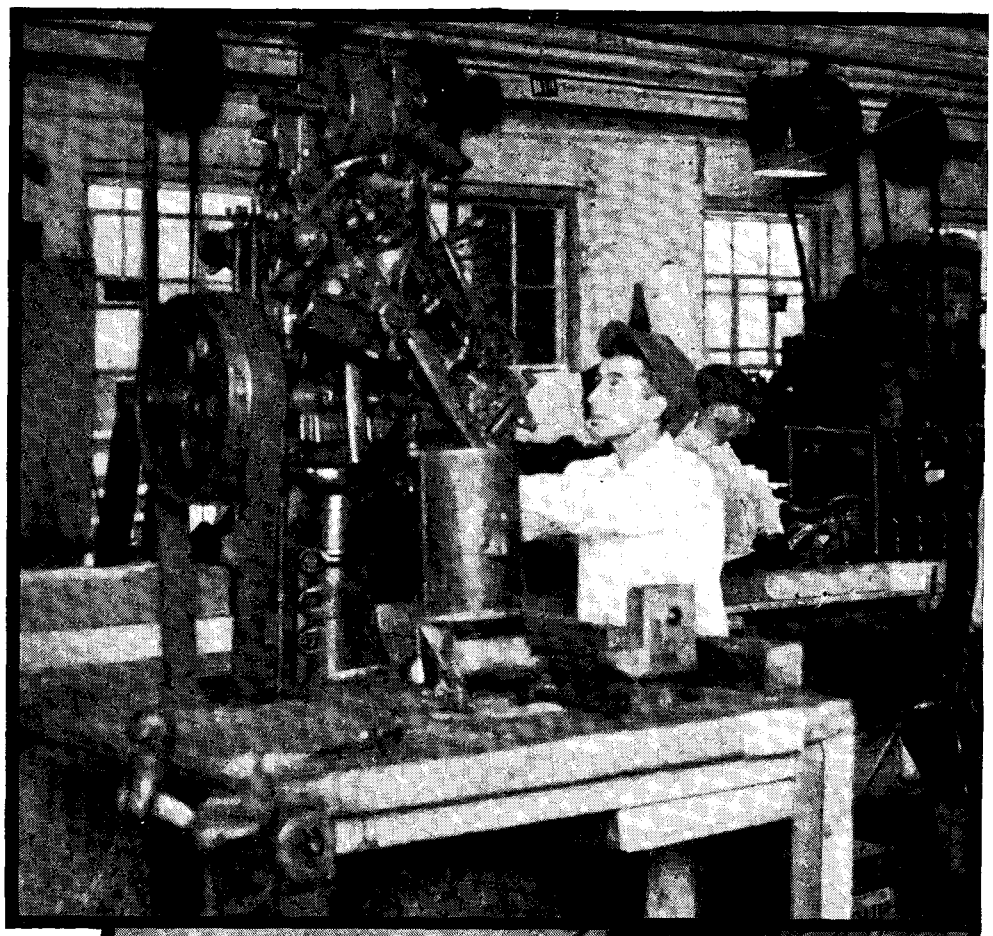
Good Men for Bad

In the solemn gloom of the death house men's characters change—some for the worse, many for the better. Here, with the death house for a laboratory and with Two-Gun Crowley and No. X311 as subjects, Warden Lawes discusses the duty that prisons owe to society and the reforms that will help to make society more secure

By Lewis E. Lawes

Warden of Sing Sing Prison



Above: Sing Sing convicts at work in the shoe the new prison clinic, and, right, excavating for

RECENTLY two men were committed to the death house in Sing Sing at about the same time. Both, of course, had been convicted of first-degree murder. One admitted his guilt—bragged of it. He was Two-Gun Crowley, a youngster in crime whose intense viciousness was carried on into the death house.

The other was a gentleman in his thirties. I say gentleman because the word fits him. We'll call him No. X311 and, although on the records he stands a convicted murderer, I, for one, am sure he was not and could not be a malicious killer.

These two men faced the chair. X311 had tried to kill himself after slaying his sweetheart in a drunken fit of jealousy at a roadhouse party outside Syracuse. By some miracle the bullet he fired into his head passed through a part of his temple without doing vital damage.

Young Crowley's crimes have been so well advertised nationally, especially as a result of the super-Hollywood setting of his final capture by the police, that even the hardened and hopeless inmates of the death house looked forward to his arrival among them as an important event.

I was amazed when I received this youngster—a fresh-complexioned boy who might have been head of a Boy Scout troop, excepting that such young men don't have quite the metallic stare that is Crowley's when facing anybody he fears—and an outlaw like Crowley fears everybody.

He was friendly enough when I talked to him and told him it would be better for all concerned if he behaved himself in the death house.

"Before you go to your cell, Crowley," I told him, "there's just a little formality. We'll search you."

The cop-killer's lip curled. His shoulders shifted; but guards promptly pinioned him. The frisking revealed a weapon hidden in an armpit—a metal dessert spoon ground to the sharpness of a stiletto. He could have killed himself or somebody else with it.

News of this discovery was printed. The sheriff of Nassau County, Long Island, in whose custody Crowley had been during his trial for murder and before being committed to state's prison, telephoned me that he was amazed at our discovery of the concealed weapon.

"It's simply impossible," he said over the telephone. "We kept Crowley so closely watched he couldn't sneeze without being grabbed."

"None the less," I replied, "we found that sharpened spoon."

The sheriff said he'd like to see Crowley. Ordinarily, it's against the rules to let anybody but blood-relatives, wives or attorneys see death-house inmates. But I enlarged the rule for the sheriff. He came up. Crowley was willing to see him.

"How did you get that spoon?" the sheriff asked. "You were supplied an earthenware spoon which couldn't possibly be ground to a sharp edge. Where did you get that metal spoon?"

"I got it, didn't I?" Crowley snickered.

"Where?" asked the angry sheriff. "There was a cop with you at every meal."

"Yeah," sneered Crowley. "The cop ate too, didn't he?"

"You mean to say you stole the cop's spoon?"

Crowley grinned.

"All cops are dumbbells," he said, and turned away.

News of that interview filtered through the death house. Crowley became a hero. His partner in crime, Fatty Duringer, in a near-by cell, sat quietly hour after hour, day and night, reading detective stories—or else staring blankly at an empty wall reflecting on the savage killing of his taxi-dance sweetheart that brought him to the chair. Fatty was the joke of the death house; Crowley its hero.

The Bad Man Puts on His Act

And this is how a death-house hero acts:

"Two-Gun" was hailed in the death house as a tough boy who could make his presence felt even in that prison within a prison. He cursed and kidded guards who brought him food. Some of the boys laughed and applauded, but No. X311 didn't. Thus egged on, Crowley set out to show us just how tough he could be. I learned later that his insensate fury was provoked by a letter from his girl friend, Helen Walsh—with him when he killed a policeman and also when he was arrested. In the letter Helen called him yellow. That was enough. Death-house inmates are denied matches; but Crowley managed to set fire to his bed at night with a cigarette ignited for him, as is the custom, by a guard. Strong-armed men put out the fire while keeping Crowley in. So he proceeded, when left alone, to smash everything smashable in his cell, tearing off his clothes to stuff up the plumbing facilities.

So there was our death-house hero, tough Two-Gun Crowley. Naked in his bare cell, without a mattress. He spent his time catching flies to kill them, relishing the power of life and death he held over helpless insects. For two days we left him naked to fly-killing and outbursts of vile language against the guards. On the third day a guard appealed to me to let Crowley have a fresh mattress and clothes.

"Something's happened to him," the guard explained. "It sounds like hokum, but it's true. A thrush hopped into his cell. He didn't kill it. He fed it. The thrush keeps on coming back to his cell and he's interested in it."

"I'm glad of that," I said. "But we'll see how Mr. Crowley behaves tomorrow."

The following day I went in to the young murderer. Physically, he seemed none the worse for his cave-man isolation. His appearance was animal-like but tamed. He spoke normally, promised that he'd be on good behavior if clothing were given him and a mattress to sleep on. And if he could keep the bird.

These conditions were granted, and the kid opened up to me. He told me he had been brought up to have a fierce hatred of policemen. He was the illegitimate son of a policeman, he confessed, who had left him with his mother, a German household worker.

"I'm not really sorry I killed a cop," he said.

Let that stand as Two-Gun Crowley's estimate of his own character and perhaps as an insight into how that mind was early twisted into criminal tendency.

Consider the unfortunate perpetrator of a crime of passion. He had never been arrested before—the killing of his sweetheart was his first offense.

A Daniel in the Death House

A quiet-spoken, well-educated man, a successful salesman, I found that Crowley's bird friend was not the only influence that had quieted the gunman's tempestuous nature. No. X311 had had something to do with it. He had inserted a cautioning, steadying note among the hollow hurrahs of those irresponsible condemned who had egged Crowley on in his misconduct.

No. X311 quickly became an influence between those grim walls. Even Harry Doe, a tough young man from Brooklyn, who went to the chair with a sneer, hurling a lighted cigar at the eyes of a witness, talked respectfully to and of No. X311. I saw that this well-spoken, even-tempered man was utterly repentant of the crime that had brought him to Sing Sing and also pathetically grateful that his desperate effort at suicide

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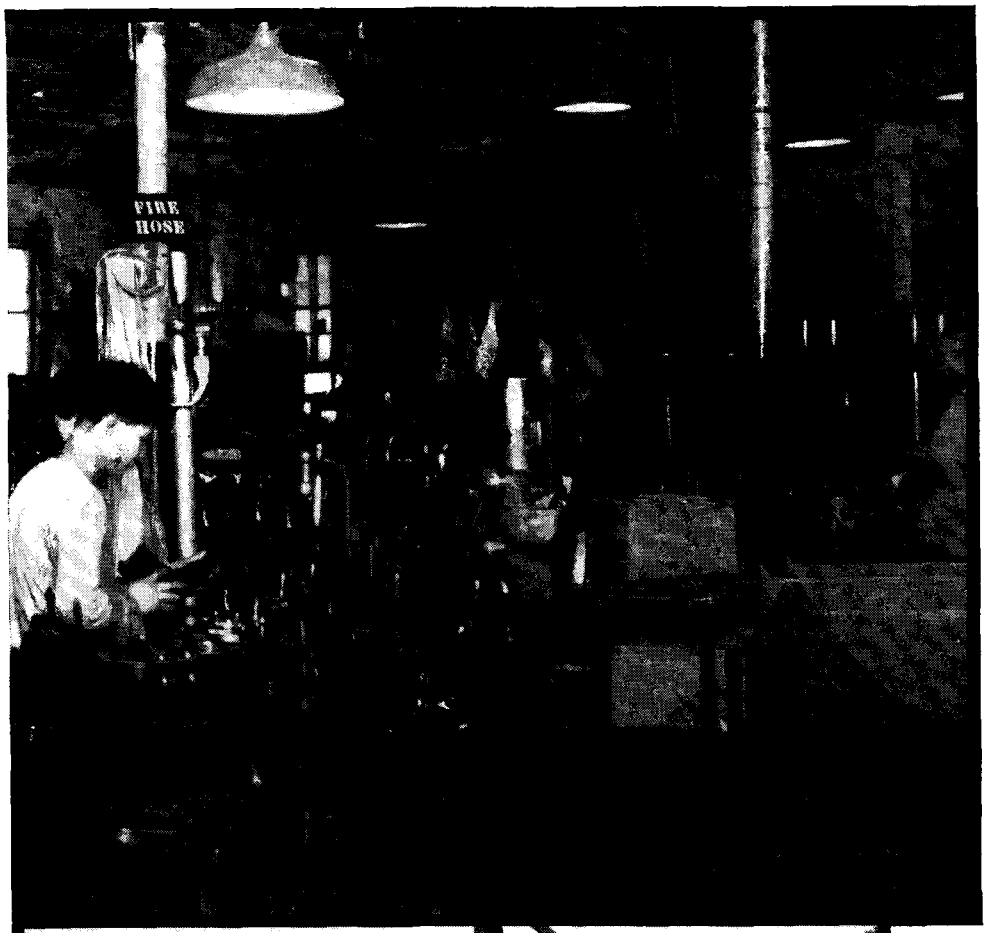

factory. Below, left, a view of the laboratory of a new building in the shadow of a guard tower

had failed. The man wanted to be and to do good. I grew more and more impressed with the quality of this man's character as the date for his execution neared.

One day I went to see him. He didn't know what news I had. He stood up in his cell, pale, but calm. He had never made a plea for any commutation of his sentence, although he realized the irony of circumstance that had put him where he was and naturally felt the ghastly results of a fatal act which itself, to him, was a blurred nightmare of half-consciousness.

"The governor," I told him, "has commuted your sentence to life imprisonment."

His calm left him. He shivered and became even more pale.

"Thank you, Warden," was all he said.

We took him from the death house. He is now in the prison. And I cannot help contrasting the case of this truly penitent man, adjudged a murderer and willing to expiate his crime, with the cheap false heroics of the self-professed bad man determined to remain bad to the end.

Living with human documents, as he must, the warden of a large penitentiary sees the criminal really close up as the man stripped of ordinary human rights, denied the sometimes stimulating excitement of being a figure in court trials and publicity—left to his own resources and the will of the State to face punishment as a public enemy, to make the best of his plight and gradually accept reform or to grow more spiritually calloused in confinement at hard labor. And I can say as a result of my wide experience that there are only two types of prisoners—the chronic criminal who can never be really reformed and the occasional criminal who admits his error, is willing to pay the price and invariably leaves prison a better man than he entered it.

Ambition Behind the Bars

One of the most publicized young men ever to come to Sing Sing was one of the worst inmates we ever had—an absolute incorrigible. Yet he built up a huge popular sympathy for himself and actually beat what insiders (and outsiders who should be insiders) call the "rap" by sheer cunning. He was Roy Sloane. Due to sensational press stories of his studiousness in Sing Sing, where he had been sent for a felony, Sloane achieved national fame as an intellectual convict. He was good "copy" because he assumed the pose of a convict law student and a persistent defender of his "rights."

He was pictured as an ambitious prisoner, determined to obtain the freedom of which he had been deprived, he said, by dubious circumstantial evidence. He was reported in the press—I've seen yards of those reports—as poring over law books in his cell and pounding a typewriter to turn out lengthy legal documents for presentation to the Appellate Court.

The truth is, Sloane never opened a law book while he was in prison. Nor did he type a single sheet. His case aroused interest among convict-lawyers at Sing Sing, and nearly every loquacious convict is a self-made lawyer who can discuss cases, especially his own, in the light of old and new court decisions. In a prison courtyard you'll learn that the law is one of the most important topics of discussion among those incarcerated for its violation.

Sloane's prison advisers (although Sloane himself was never popular in prison, remaining aloof in his pose of studiousness) prepared his pleas for him with the help of outside attorneys.

The End of Roy Sloane

I don't mean to underestimate the young man. He was given a high intelligence quotient on entering prison and was fairly well educated, of superior intelligence and of a mental age of eighteen—much higher than prison average. But he had a twisted mentality. He resented authority and orderly routine. I suspected him of many irregularities—minor infractions of prison rules—but overlooked them until I heard by the prison grapevine that Sloane had weapons concealed in his cell. Without making any charge against him, I ordered his cell searched—which is the warden's right at any time. We found brass knuckles hidden under his mattress. Brass knuckles are not necessarily deadly weapons but they are dangerous and certainly forbidden to convicts.

Sloane was indicted. At trial he appeared as his own counsel, won the sympathy of the public and the jury, and was acquitted. Later the Appellate Division granted his release from prison based on the pleas he so persistently made.

On the day he was discharged I talked to Sloane.

"You're getting away with it, Sloane," I told him. "Publicity has gone to your head. Nothing I've seen or heard of you in Sing Sing has changed my opinion that you're really a criminal. But luck's with you. Make the best of it and go straight or you'll surely be back here."

He sneered. He was a free man and could afford to sneer at a prison warden.

Sloane never came back to Sing Sing. Companions in crime saw to that. He was arrested a few weeks after his discharge, suspected of participation in a jewelry hold-up. The police released him; his glib tongue had again come to his rescue. Not for long. A bullet-riddled body was picked up in a street some time later. That was Sloane, doubtlessly executed by confederates who didn't like his conduct.

An official of our State Crime Commission wrote me after Sloane's murder: "I would be interested," he said, "to have your answer to the question, 'Why Roy Sloane?' Many of us know the answer to Two-Gun Crowley, but Sloane is another problem. I recall distinctly your prophecy at the time he left Sing Sing."

The answer to the question, "Why Roy Sloane?" so far as penology, or correction after conviction for crime is concerned, would be a broad parole policy whereby the parole board could exercise its discretion in postponing his discharge from prison until, after long and careful consideration of his personality, it was convinced that his antagonism to conformity, his tendency to what is called unsocial conduct, had been modified. Until, in brief, he was a bad man made good.

Parole Board Handicapped

Of course, this presupposes the indeterminate sentence. In my opinion a parole board is almost worthless without it.

The bane of our penal system is the definite sentence which automatically fixes the date of release—as if all men had the same degree of temptation and resistance to it when confronted with an opportunity to commit a crime that carries a uniform penalty; as though all men, whatever their antecedents before entering prison or their prospects after leaving it, reacted in exactly the same way to prison discipline and the course of correction.

In comparison with a case like Sloane's—a well-educated youth cursed by a natural bent towards social rebellion—there's a man of more than sixty in Sing Sing now. A court, by due process of law, sent him there and I don't pretend to say he shouldn't be there. His carelessness caused suffering to thousands. But at heart he is no criminal.

There are many men the parole board would like to release and cannot. There are many men they'd like to hold and cannot. It's a regular thing for prisoners brought before the parole board for questioning to be evasive and even defiant.

"What's the use of bothering with you?" I've known at least one convict actually to say. "You can't hold me, anyhow, when my stretch is up."

A parole board, to be fully efficient, should have the right to retain men whose conduct in prison has shown them unworthy of release. These are men found guilty of gross breaches of prison discipline, not petty offenses like having shirts unbuttoned on the recreation field or being absent from school or fist-fighting with other prisoners or smoking during working hours. The prison court, which tries offenders for these minor misdemeanors and adds days to their terms when found guilty or deprives them of creature comforts and trivial liberties within the walls, gives us a fair insight into the character of prisoners brought before it, but it doesn't reveal the deeper spiritual side of men. I've known convicts to comport themselves in utter obedience to prison discipline, to earn merits and earlier release than their original sentence specified—and yet to be back in prison promptly when they ran into temptation to commit their favorite crime outside. I've likewise known clumsy-minded prisoners who continually bumped against prison rules to go out and become good citizens, or such reasonably good citizens that the police resumed no further active interest in them.

Perhaps it's because they were men without a favorite crime. As a rule, the

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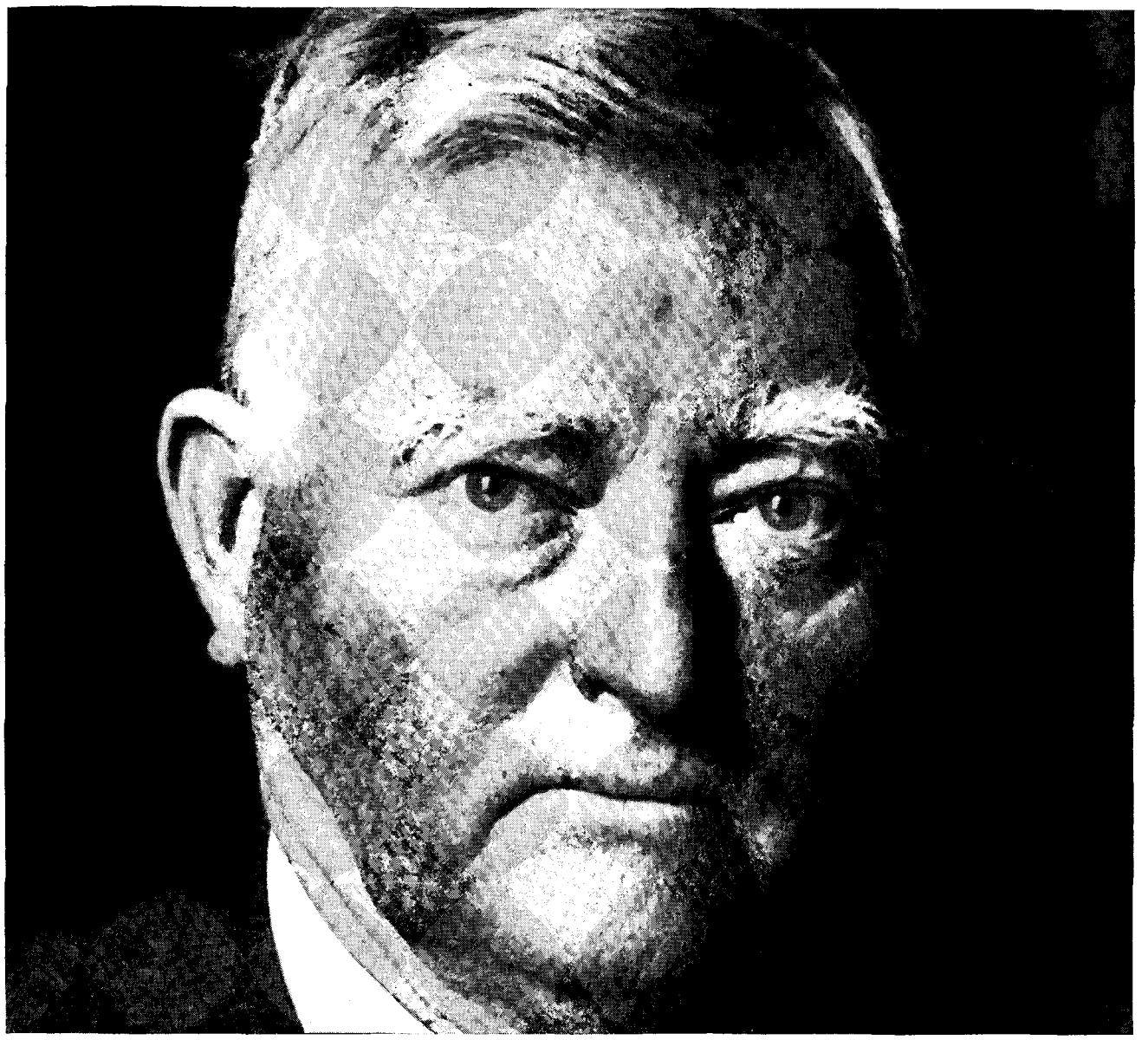

Acme Photo

Cactus Jack

The new Speaker of the House is a Texan, from crown to heel. That, says Mr. White (a fellow Texan), is a break both for his friends and his enemies. Anyhow, both sides like him

By Owen P. White

NOW that Mr. John Nance Garner of Texas has suddenly poked not only his gray head but also his rather broad shoulders above the murky political skyline of Washington, it becomes at once apparent to all critical observers that the gentleman is, as many of his bilingual Rio Grande Valley constituents would say, *un puro Tejano*—an undiluted Texan.

In any man's language this is a high compliment. It means that Jack Garner belongs definitely in the category of old-time fighters who made Texas famous, and all that one has to do to realize the truth of this is to see him when he is surrounded—as he generally is in these back-slapping days—by a group of his Lone Star legislative colleagues. A mere glance at such an assembly and the difference between most of the gang, who have yielded to the overwhelming effects of luncheon clubs and effete civilization, and Mr. Garner, who hasn't, becomes obtrusively apparent. So apparent is it that the first thought that pops into one's mind is that, although the entire group may be *from* Texas, only one man in it is actually *of* the grand old state.

A couple of gentlemen, for example, who represent the cow-country districts west of the Pecos and up in the Panhandle and who, therefore, might logically be expected to appear in the legislative halls caparisoned in big hats and high-heeled boots, are as sartorially perfect, as neatly manicured, as thoroughly barbered, as guarded in their conduct and as careful of their accent as if they had just left the high-toned bailiwicks of cultured Connecticut.

But look at Jack Garner. Look twice—because if at the first glance he happens to catch you with his twinkling blue eyes you'll never notice the rest of him—and you'll see that he probably hasn't shaved yet this morning, that his hair is all tousled up, that his pants haven't been pressed for a week or so and that it wouldn't hurt him to have his shoes shined.

All this, however, is of no moment to Mr. Garner. Twenty-nine years ago, when for the first time in his life he left Texas to come to Washington as about the most obscure member of the House of Representatives, he came just as he was. He put on no frills for the great adventure and ever since then, as a member of every Congress from the Fifty-eighth to the Seventy-second, he has been showing up in the national capital in exactly the same fashion so that no one can justly accuse him of being a poser.

He is anything but that. He would disdain to affect the long hair and the long-tailed coat of the untamed statesman, as Jim Bailey used to do, and consequently if he ever becomes impressed with the idea that his own free-and-easy manner of wearing his clothes is distinctly becoming to his peculiarly ruddy Texas beauty and hence causes him to stand out in a crowd, he is quite likely to rush hastily to a tailor and transform himself into a replica of a clothing advertisement.

But even should this catastrophe befall, as it may because of the social duties which devolve upon the Democratic leader of the House, it will have but one result. It will make poor Jack uncomfortable and will not change him in any other respect. It can't change him otherwise, because, although his exterior rigging may be altered, his interior fixings are so firmly molded after the pattern of a practically extinct race of Texas politicians that even he could not change that part of himself if he wanted to.

A Highly Worthy Citizen

Twenty-nine years ago, when John Garner was but thirty-four years old, and when he made his first race for Congress, it was necessary for any candidate who wanted to achieve the majority of the vote in what was about the most rip-snorting district in Texas to be a whole-souled, free-living liberal, just as most of the voters themselves then were. John Garner was all that was required of him along these lines. His citizenship record, as well as his official one as a member of the Texas House of Representatives for two terms, showed that he could, under slight pressure, be induced to take a drink and that he also knew a good deal about the relative value of poker hands.

These were both good Texas accomplishments and, as the young man had furthermore assisted materially in ridding his section of such pests as cattle-rustlers and horse-thieves, making it possible in fact for Uvalde County to announce that it was the first county in western Texas to be free of such vermin, Mr. Garner was looked upon as a highly worthy citizen and was duly rewarded by the vote of the people.

From that day to this he has been continuously so looked upon and so rewarded, and hence, as his constituents do not apparently question his present attitude toward his good Texas accomplishments which were of such service to him in his earlier campaigns, it would probably be superfluous for us to inquire into the subject.

We will, therefore, pass over this, although we will record the fact that Mr. Garner voted an emphatic *no* on the question of the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment and therefore he can, if he wants to, without hypocrisy, "strike a blow for liberty" (which in recognized congressional dialect means take a drink) whenever he sees fit.

Take Him or Leave Him

Whether he does or does not strike such blows is unknown to this writer but it is in the record that on the only two occasions, in thirty years, when he has been actively opposed for the Democratic nomination in his district he has firmly refused to bother himself to reply to any of the charges which the opponents have made against him.

When his wife urged him to take the stump in his own defense he said: "No, I'll not do it. These people took me as I was twenty years ago. They've been sending me to Congress just like that ever since, and now if they want to believe what is being said against me let them do so. I'll not deny anything."

Nor has he denied anything, and not in years has he made a campaign speech. In order that he may constantly succeed himself in office it is clearly apparent that he doesn't have to do either. His people like him. In all probability they like him far better as the unchanged old-timer of the old school that he is than they would as a suave and calculating politician.

By the same token, that is exactly why he is today one of the most popular men in Congress. Even his political enemies, although they tremble at the thought of getting tangled up with him in an argument on the floor, are extremely fond of him.

That John Garner is a foe worthy to be reckoned with has been fully recognized by the Republicans—especially that outstanding Republican, Mr. Andrew Mellon—ever since the tax reduction year of 1924. When the Treasury, in that year, found that our national prosperity was such that it was going to be faced with a surplus, Mr. Mellon prepared a tax reduction bill which he sent to the Ways and Means Committee of the House.

What happened to that bill is interesting. Prepared as it had been by the "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton," and having behind it the backing not only of the White House but of business interests as well, it was presumed to be a sacrosanct document; one to be touched with

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Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

According to Customs

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Octavus Roy Cohen

MR. WILLIE GORDON understood ethics but did not indulge in them. He had innocent blue eyes, broad shoulders, youthful charm and no conscience whatsoever. He went through life turning a willing hand to whatever offered—particularly if it belonged to someone else.

Yet tonight he stood at the rail of the majestic liner and imparted virtuous counsel to the slim and beautiful young girl beside him.

"Smuggling is dishonest," he observed.

"Oh, yeah? Well, what about it?"

"You'll be breaking the law, Mildred."

"Shocking! But no novelty, Willie. Every time I go out in my car I break the traffic laws. Every time I drop in at a speakeasy I smash the Eighteenth Amendment. I'm a lawless person, Mr. Gordon, and the sooner you learn it—the wiser you'll be."

Willie shed his mantle of dignity and became a modern youth. "You're goofy. Suppose they grab you in New York tomorrow with that stuff; do you think they'll go easy? Get this: Your old man is Park Avenue; you've already filed your customs declaration and said nothing about the twenty-thousand-dollar diamond necklace you bought in Amsterdam—that's prima facie evidence of intention to smuggle."

"You talk like a judge," she declared rapturously. "Go on. I love it!"

"They grab your trinket, slap a fine on you and smother you with publicity. And all for what? A few measly dollars."

"Wrong, Willie; wrong! It's the sport of the thing, not the money. I'll be twice as proud of that necklace if I can know—every time I look at it—that I put something across on Uncle Sam. It's the great national spirit, my lad. Our motto has become, 'There's nothing wrong in what you can get away with.'"

"Never," advised Willie sententiously, "end a sentence with a preposition. Where have you got the stuff?"

"Under the false bottom of my make-up box. No customs inspector in the world would ever plow through that many cosmetics for the sake of a poor little necklace."

"All right," sighed Willie. "Be a smuggler if you must . . . but be a good one. Don't keep probing to see if it's there, don't keep eying the box—and don't be too casual about it, either."

"Worry not, my mentor. I'm thoroughly case-hardened and blasé. My declaration is already in the purser's office, my necklace is hidden away and I shall not think of it again until after I'm safely under the parental rooftree or what have you."

Willie took her hand. "Until you became a criminal, Mildred, I liked you a heap." He sighed: "I still do."

"And you'll visit me in prison?"

"I'll get a job as matron," he declared. "Positively!"

JUST before reaching the twelve-mile limit the younger crowd—which had converted the liner into a bedlam all the way across—raided the bar and laid in supplies for a final farewell party. When the ship reached quarantine at two in the morning and anchored for the night, the whoopee was in full swing. The merrymakers seemed to find added zest in the knowledge that they were breaking the law.

At two-thirty Willie entrusted Miss Mildred Garrison to the arms of an enthusiastic young dancing man. Then Mr. Gordon strolled casually from the Palm Garden and away from the din of the jazz orchestra.

As he descended to B deck and approached the cabin of his shipboard romance, the expression of boyishness fled his countenance, and in its place came the rather hard, bitter, efficient look which Mr. Gordon reserved for his professional activities.

He entered the cabin and locked the door. Swiftly he opened Mildred's bags, and deftly he probed for the pink make-up box. He worked with the grace and delicacy of a surgeon performing a major operation: speed without haste; concentration without clumsiness.

ROBBERY was his business, and just now business was booming. He located the box, removed its dummy tray and abstracted the gleaming diamond necklace. Then he replaced everything as it had been, dropped the diamonds into his pocket and sauntered innocently from the cabin and back to the party in the Palm Garden.

Mr. Willie Gordon was well pleased with himself. In the first place, Miss Garrison would probably not miss her necklace; in the second place, she would hesitate to raise a disturbance if its loss should be discovered inasmuch as her customs declaration was already on file and she had neglected to mention the jewels. And in the third place, Willie knew that he could always toss the necklace overboard if worst came to worst. Chances were that everything would go smoothly; he would leave the pier a wealthier and more unscrupulous young man . . . and he was quite positive that he would never bother to renew his friendship with Mildred. Having courted and robbed her, he was content to call it quits.

Next morning at nine o'clock the ship was nuzzled into her berth by a half-dozen officious little tugs. Willie did not see Mildred until they met under the letter G on the pier, each with a customs inspector in tow. Mildred was bright, cheerful and unperturbed—and Willie breathed a vast sigh of relief. Unquestionably she had not discovered the loss of her jewels. Willie congratulated himself, and was still engaged in that pleasant task when he heard Mildred's cool, clear voice addressing her customs man:

Deftly he probed for the pink make-up box, working with the grace and delicacy of a surgeon

"And one more thing, Mr. Inspector—I've made a terrible mistake."

"What is it, Miss?"

"I bought a twenty-thousand-dollar diamond necklace in Amsterdam and forgot to enter it on my declaration."

WILLIE felt suddenly ill. He listened for the worst—and heard it.

"That's quite all right, Miss," the inspector was saying, "so long as you're declaring it now. Where is it?"

The girl turned brightly to the bitterly disappointed Mr. Gordon.

"This gentleman has been taking care of it for me since last night. Please let the inspector have it, Willie."

The inspector glanced at the necklace which the perspiring Mr. Gordon reluctantly produced. Then, as the official trotted off in search of an appraiser, Mildred dimpled up at her shipboard friend:

"So sweet of you, Willie, to save me from myself. If you hadn't done this, I'd have been a smuggler. And you'd have been terribly shocked, wouldn't you, Willie, at the very thought of anyone's doing anything dishonest?"

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Shoeless Joe

When the White Sox scandal sent baseball to the laundry twelve years ago Joe Jackson was among those players who failed to wash out clean. But, crooked or clean, experts still rate him the greatest hitter of any period of any league

By Grantland Rice

WHO is the greatest natural batsman that ever played? I put this query in turn to Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth and Tris Speaker. There wasn't a moment's hesitation as each said—"Joe Jackson." The fact that Joe Jackson was one of the Black Sox, banished from baseball after the world series scandal of 1919, had no bearing on the subject. Cobb, Ruth and Speaker were thinking in terms of batting art, not of sporting ethics. And when this trio call some ball player the greatest in his line, he must be just about that.

The fourteen-year diamond career of "Shoeless Joe" Jackson is one of the greatest combinations of drama and tragedy that any sport has ever known. Back in the spring of 1907 a tall, gangling youth of twenty came from Brandon Mills, South Carolina, to play semi-pro ball at Greenville. He was unable to read or write. And he brought along the sobriquet of "Shoeless Joe" for the simple reason that he had played most of his early baseball in his bare feet. But he could hit like a champion from the first of his career.

"I recall the first time I ever saw Joe Jackson," an old-time player said recently. "We were playing some country team on a terrible ball field. The outfield was littered with rocks and broken glass. We had a tall, thin outfielder named Jackson I had never seen before. He had just dropped in a day or two before and we gave him a chance. You had to, after you saw him just once at the plate with a bat in his hands. He hit a triple the first time up and he made it look as easy as a Lajoie could. He was barefooted that day and along about the fifth inning Joe started complaining to his team-mates about the condition of the outfield.

"'There's nothin' out there,' he remarked, 'but rocks and glass.'

"'Cutting your feet, Joe?' someone asked the dissatisfied rookie.

"'No,' Jackson said. 'It ain't that. But it's fuzzin' up the ball and I can't throw it.'"

Jackson's first official record was with Greenville in the Carolina Association of 1908 where he batted .346. After that Connie Mack lured him to Philadelphia twice, but each time Shoeless Joe became homesick and jumped the club. I first saw him with New Orleans in 1910 and you only had to see him once to know that one of the Masters of Maul had arrived on the scene.

A Classic of Batting Style

Standing over six feet, and loose-jointed without the slightest touch of tension, he had a free, smooth lash that was hard to forget. A left-handed hitter, he stood with his right foot slightly advanced, the left foot a trifle back, in perfect position to step into the ball and hit against his right leg. This was the batting method that Babe Ruth took for his model when the Babe went in for hitting in a serious way.

"I wanted to improve my batting," the Babe says, "so I decided to study the best hitter I could find. Naturally, Ty Cobb was a great hitter, but I wanted to take a fuller swing at the ball and not choke up the bat. After looking them all over I decided Joe Jackson was at the top of the class. The only change I made in following his style was to get my right foot farther advanced, with my left foot farther back so that I almost had my back to the pitcher. You are already partly turned in this way and you have more leverage.

"Jackson had finally arrived at this method in a natural way, for no one ever taught him how to hit and I know he never tried to copy any other style."

In the spring of 1911 Jackson joined the Cleveland club where they had known such hitters as Larry Lajoie, Elmer Flick, Bill Bradley, Nig Clarke, Harry Bemis and a few more who had been punishing pitchers year after year. He came up from New Orleans with a batting average of .354. "Yes," they said, "but that was in a minor league. The big show is different."

In those days it meant something to hit .300 or better. There were only a few in either league who did. The "Carolina Crashsmith," as Gordon McKay of Philadelphia named Jackson, happened to arrive in fast company just when Ty Cobb was at his peak. Cobb had been stepping away from them all, year after year. But as the season wore along he found this tall, gangling outfielder cracking out hit for hit with him. As they came along into the stretch Jackson was hitting doubles and triples and Cobb, one of the star competitors of all time, was beating out infield singles where no one else could have reached first ahead of the ball.

Shoeless Joe was then just twenty-four years old, and it was his first season under the Big Tent. But when the final returns were in he had a batting average of .408 and Cobb had to reach his top mark, .420, to beat him.

A year later Cobb again had to put on top speed to pull away from this young Carolina entry, who still had no interest in literature, even to the extent of reading and writing. Cobb that year had to beat .400 again to lead Jackson across the wire as Shoeless Joe finished with .395.

International News

Shoeless Joe Jackson, cast out of baseball at the peak of one of the game's greatest careers

The End of a Great Career

In 1915 Jackson had his only major league slump. He dropped to .308, with no lively ball to help him, so he was traded to Chicago for Roth, Klepfer and $31,000. In 1916 he began hitting again and moved back to his old pace.

Joe Jackson had played just ten years of major league baseball before he was banished for his part in the crooked world series of 1919. Both he and Buck Weaver were involved and yet the records show that both played brilliant ball all through the tainted show.

One of Jackson's last games, possibly his last game, was played in Cleveland. The news of the White Sox scandal had just broken. There was a terrific chorus of boos as Jackson came to bat. His response was a triple or a home run as he raced around the bases, laughing at the hostile crowd.

Jackson finished his big-league career at the age of thirty-three. He finished with a ten-year batting average of .356, just a few points back of the fast-moving Ty Cobb, well ahead of such stars as Wagner and Lajoie.

Three years after his banishment I ran across his trail again playing with a semi-pro team in Americus, Georgia. At that time he was batting over .500 and only two days before I found him he had hit three home runs and a triple. It has been eleven years since Jackson was heard of, and yet he is only forty-four.

Under the code of the game there was nothing else to do except turn him out. And yet when one considers the chance he had in life, his early upbringing and the state of the game in those days, it was a tough break to face. He had never been highly paid for his work in comparison to what far lesser luminaries have drawn since.

At that time baseball was held in the highest public esteem, and yet it was actually at the lowest moral and ethical level the game has ever known. The shock to baseball's big public was heavy, and yet in addition to those who were finally driven out, more than one star, fully as guilty as Jackson and others, escaped.

For some reason I have always had more sympathy for Shoeless Joe than all the other offenders. To him it was only part of the business then going on as a steady traffic, just as it is going on today in other sports which lack the close supervision baseball has.

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"Did I hear you wondering something?" he said, "or was I dreaming?"

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

Janey, the Ugly Duckling

They had never laid eyes on each other before, but "Won't you come aboard?" he said. And that's the way it started

By Mary Heaton Vorse

THE yawl which was anchored far out in the harbor seemed deserted. Janey sailed toward it, and came up in the wind to look at it. She decided the boat was too lovely, exactly the sort of boat she wanted. It was about thirty-eight feet over all, an easy boat for two people to handle. There was ample cabin space. She was called Nancy Lee V, evidently the lineal descendant of some dear, now dead, ancestress who had delighted her owner's heart.

The light current floated the sail dory closer to the yawl. Janey said out loud—having never quite outgrown the habit of a lonely little girl who sometimes talks to herself:

"I wonder if the owner is young or old. I wonder." And, as though invoked, an enormous young man arose from the deck. He was over six feet, and he was golden brown. His hair, which was also golden, was lightly bleached by the sun. He had on a white rowing shirt, cut very far under the arms, a white pair of pants, and nothing else. He seemed to Janey positively to shine, with his golden-brown skin and his gilt hair and his nice grin.

"Did I hear you wondering something," he said, "or was I dreaming?"

"You heard me," said Janey in a small voice, and she seemed to draw into herself and become even younger-looking than she was by nature.

"The owner's young," said the tall-and-shining-one—for so Janey called him within her romantic heart. "He's ashore."

"Oh," said Janey, "then you're not the owner?"

"I'm John, the Hired Man," said the viking.

"I'm Janey Lester, the Ugly Duckling," she informed him with polite gravity.

"Why are you the ugly duckling?" he asked.

"That's what they used to call me, expecting me to turn out a swan like my two older sisters. They're perfectly beautiful, but I stayed an ugly duckling."

"You look all right to me," said the Hired Man.

"No," said Janey with philosophy, "I'm a Disappointment— Your boat is just the sort of boat I'd like to have."

"Won't you come aboard?" he invited.

Janey came up in the wind and slid neatly alongside. She jumped lightly on deck.

"You can sail," said the young man approvingly.

"Yes, I can sail a little boat," Janey admitted. "This is my second. My first boat was an old fishing boat, and it was almost completely circular."

JUST at that moment there was a small commotion upon the beach. Someone was waving out to sea. A houseboat tooted a siren. "Oh, dear," cried Janey, "oh, dear, that's all for me. I ran away," she added, giving a swift sidelong look at John.

"What did you run away for?"

"To think," said Janey. "I've got some thinking to do. I've got to think about how to avoid doing something I don't want to do."

"What's that?" he asked.

"Getting married," she answered, and then she stopped, evidently surprised that she had said this to a stranger.

A feeling of disappointment stirred within him. "What's it to you if Janey, the Ugly Duckling, gets married?" said his mentor; to which he replied hotly, "A little girl like Janey should not marry anyone she doesn't want to. Someone's making her do this. It's a shame!"

"You see," said Janey, "what makes me a Disappointment is that I didn't get married before. For I had a very good chance to marry once—better than I could expect, my aunt said. I liked him very much at first, because of course I wasn't used to having anyone look at me."

Pictures he had seen in the rotogravure sections flashed into his mind: pictures of the beautiful Misses Lester—lovely greyhounds of girls, with enormous eyes and peach-bloom complexions. Janey, the Ugly Duckling, was small and rounded and dimpled. A girl who had been a pudding of a baby, and who didn't seem yet so far removed from rompers. Her eyes were hazel, and there were reddish lights in her hair. She seemed made for gayety and smiles, and that was why his heart contracted at seeing her wistful and disturbed. He wanted to put his arms around her and tell her not to mind. As he couldn't do that, he could make her laugh.

Contemplatively he reached out a foot, and with his long toes he picked up a rope. This he examined minutely to see that the sizing was right. Janey laughed.

"If I had been brought up properly," he explained, "I could easily have

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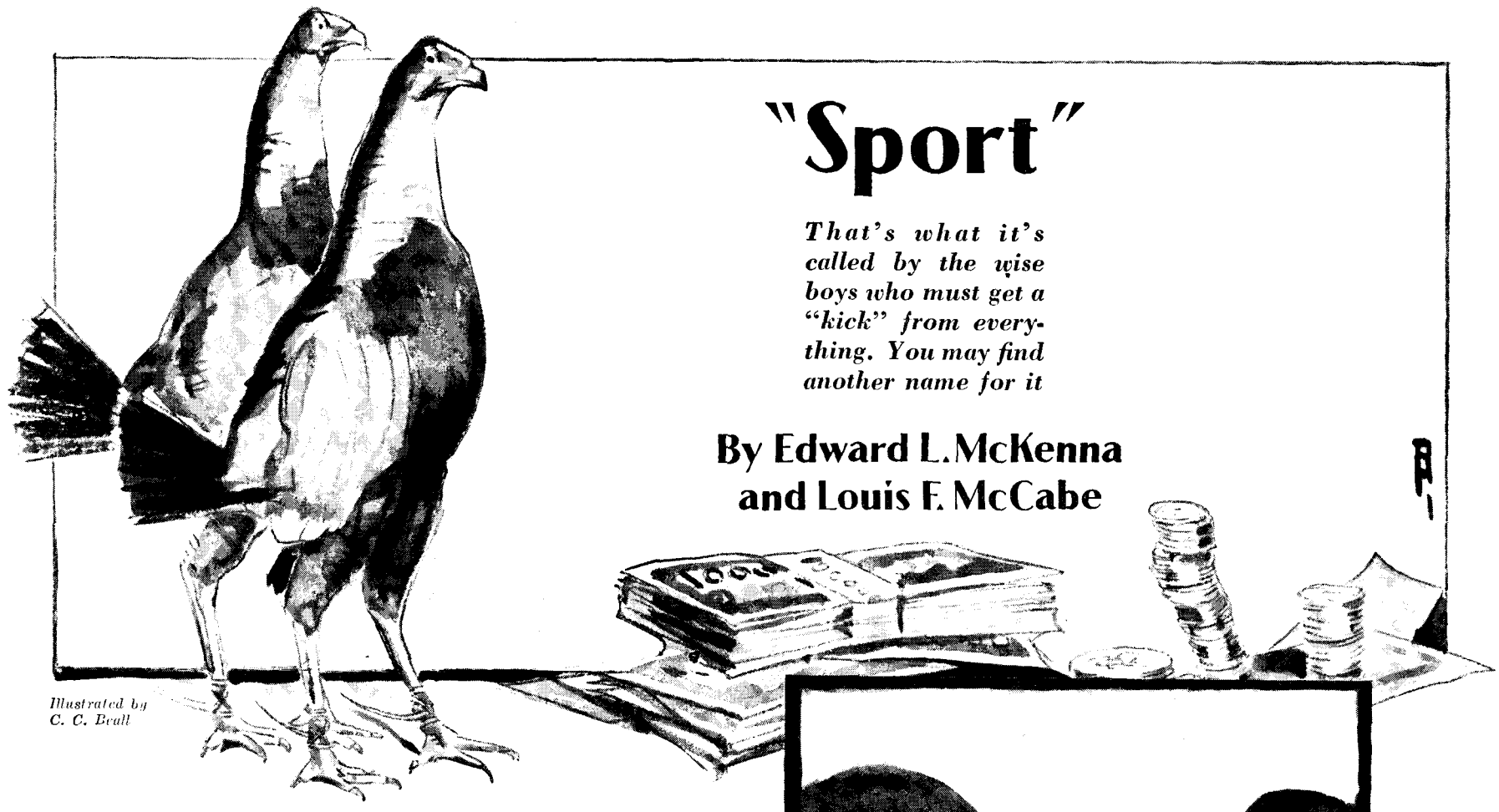

"Sport"

That's what it's called by the wise boys who must get a "kick" from everything. You may find another name for it

By Edward L. McKenna and Louis F. McCabe

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

SUPPOSE it's eight o'clock at night. You're looking down at the Merrick Road, or the Drive, or the Boston Post Road, or the Baltimore Pike, or the Main Line out of Philly. What do you see? Why, of course, you see a flock of cars crawling along, hundreds of them, thousands of them—taxis, roadsters, coupés, limousines. Now if you could only know who's inside those automobiles, and where they're going, you'd have the beginnings of a lot of stories, stories that would take you all your life to read or tell.

You'd have the beginnings of stories, yes. If you followed those stories to the end, most of the time you'd be disappointed. People start out thinking to themselves, "This is going to be good. Tonight I'm going to have a good time." Well, they go, and do they have it? They'd have been that much better off sitting home and listening to the radio.

But that's one nice thing about the sporting population. Every night's Christmas Eve to them. They're always looking for a thrill, always looking for something new, something that will give them a kick. They think they're such a wise outfit. They never get wise, and still they don't care; they keep right on looking, and going places.

Listen. You want to see something a little different, yourself, tonight, for a change? Maybe you won't like any part of it. It's against the law, for one thing, and it's a little risky, besides. Still, if you're not doing anything—

See that car rolling along? The man inside is going where we're going. That's Terence F. X. Gallagher. We'll have our lawyer right with us, anyhow.

T. F. X. Gallagher is a "lips," a mouthpiece, a counselor. His practice is all criminal law, and it's seldom he touches anything below felony, unless you're willing to include breach-of-promise suits. Once upon a time, the counselor was a struggling young lawyer who meant to become a judge. Still, he's found a good racket.

He has clients in Joliet, in Auburn, in Sing Sing, in Dannemora, in Leavenworth and at large. They trust him, they respect him, and they fear him.

Gallagher knows some stories, all right, but it's seldom that he'll tell any. He's faithful to his shoddy clients, he keeps their secrets, and he looks out for them, alive or dead. He's like most other Celts: he's a strong partisan. He's either for you or not, and if he's for you, he's for every friend of yours. On the other hand, if he thinks you're holding out on him, or trying to use him, or double-crossing him, then, Kitty, bar the door.

Such as they are, these stern qualities are the only virtues of T. F. X. Gallagher. He's fifty-two years old, and fat and paunchy and bald. He doesn't believe in love, or temperance or the joys that attend an orderly life. He's honest only to his clients and his friends. He'll take his split of plunder, whatever it is, however it's made. Take it? He'll fight like a tiger to get it.

The counselor could have been a big man. Look at him. You want to ride with him? Check.

HERE'S car number two, a big one with four riders. These happen to be Louis Dieterich, Johnny Moore, Peter Mearns, and chauffeur, name unknown. Louis is a song writer. Johnny Moore's a hoofer. Peter Mearns is a playboy of thirty-seven who is dissipating a Quaker fortune in the show business. The chauffeur gets a hundred and seventy-five a month. Johnny Moore gets six hundred a week. Dieterich made about forty thousand last year. Mearns spends that much every six months or so. Well, there's no room in that car, anyway.

Right behind is car number three, which has a body specially built to stand up against hard knocks and bullets. This heap was imported from Europe for Mr. Louis Martone, who is riding regally within, entirely surrounded by torpedoes. The torpedoes are Mickey Doyle, who used to be a yeggman until he took up steady work; Red Parsons, recently released from Bellefonte penitentiary, and George Somerset. It isn't quite fair to call Somerset a torpedo. He's Louis' fixer, his go-between, his messenger boy. Still, it's not so long ago since George Somerset just avoided being tried for mur-

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der, and the murder of a woman, at that. Alice Malone, her name was. The driver of this boat, by the way, is the same man who drove the car in that Orchard Bank job. Nice-looking fellow, you'd never think it.

Here comes car number four, whose occupants are Mr. Pietro (Gonniff) Palazzo, and a few assorted gun-bearers. Gonniff is a Jewish word, here somewhat misspelled. It means thief, and it describes Palazzo with some exactness. Pietro Palazzo was at first what is known as a pineapple. Some will tell you he was a booster. He's been that, too. Procurer and thief, Palazzo calls himself a gambler, but he's no more a gambler than a man who does card tricks is a magician.

You wouldn't like to ride with him, either? You're certainly fussy. How would you like to go up the road thirty miles or so, and ride back with a lot of chickens? Easy, now. The chickens are all in burlap bags, and not one of them weighs over six or seven pounds. O. K.? Come on, then.

See that fellow? That's Skipper Baisley. Skip raises gamecocks. Fine, big, red-faced, hearty-looking farmer, isn't he? Take a good look at him. Do you think the Skipper's a sportsman? You do? That's what a lot of people think. That's how he makes his racket go.

Remember the Gonniff, that we passed a while back, down below? Maybe it would interest you to know that the Gonniff and the Skipper have a little private arrangement. A lot of sporting gentlemen are going to gather together tonight to see the Skipper's birds fight a main against those of Mr. Pudgy Davis, of Allentown. There will be a little gambling going on. Well, the Gonniff and the Skipper have had a business talk, and if Skip's birds win this main, it will be a miracle.

BUT the chickens don't know that. You should have heard them when they were in their crates, before they put the bags over them to quiet them down. They were all excited, clucking, and crowing, and talking to each other, and to themselves. Don't ever think that they don't know they're fighting tonight. They know, all right. They don't care what the fight's about, or who's got money on them. Their blood is pure; they come from families who consider it a misfortune to die quietly, or to make old bones. They don't make soup bones, either, as a rule. They're not good to eat, even when they're young; they're too tough and stringy. All they know is fighting, and making love and being always hungry. Because, you see, you mustn't overfeed a fighting cock; it's not good for him.

Pudgy Davis, of Allentown, is the other chicken fancier involved. He thinks the match is on the up-and-up, and he's bet money on his poultry. He's going to win it. The Skipper will see to that.

There'll be a fellow coming here all the way from Havana to see this main. There'll be another nut from Toledo. Then there'll be some chicken-men, farmers, breeders, and so on; some of them will come thirty, forty, fifty miles. Ain't it a shame!

Now, look here. You don't want to see too much of this match. It's against the law, and so it should be. It's cruel, it's barbarous, and it's unfair. If two men want to fight for money, well, that's their business, in a way. But animals don't have any choice. So let's just loaf along the road, and smell the spring night and think of the nights we used to take our girls driving along this road, or a road just like it, before we got all old and bald and settled down. Don't be worrying. We'll get back there, in time to see plenty of it.

All right. See those cars parked over there? Aren't those the same cars we saw before? There's Gallagher's car, and that's Palazzo's, and you can't miss Louis Martone's. This is the place, sure enough. Come on. Let's go.

Don't mind this fellow; he's just the lookout. "Hello." "Hello. Whaddya want?" Nice friendly fellow, isn't he?

"Counselor inside?"

"Counselor who?"

"Counselor Gallagher. Would you mind telling him Joe McNulty, from the Press, is out here with a friend of his, and we'd like to get in to see the fight?"

"Wait here. I'll see."

WE'LL get in, all right. It's a big barn, all dark from the outside. They've got canvas, or burlap, over the windows. In the old days there'd be flocks of lanterns. I saw Jim Clancy fight by lantern-light, years ago, in a stable at Sheepshead Bay. You follow the fights, much?—Here he comes.

The lights make you blind, huh? Come on, just go right in, come on. How many men would you say are in here? Forty? Fifty? Maybe not that many. Smell that rye. Some of the sportsmen have evidently come prepared.

"How're you, Counselor?"

"Hello, Mac. The Press covering this?"

"Huh? No, sir."

"Nice write-up the Press gave us on that Sommers case."

"What did they do on it, finally, Counselor?"

"Gave him ten to twenty."

"Tough luck."

"I should have let him take a plea."

There's a place, over there, let's go over there. Sure, sit down, sit down and make yourself at home. Want a smoke? Everybody else is. Don't see any signs, do you?

Ask that egg next to you how it stands. Two and one. Two and one, huh? Ask him who's losing. The Skipper's losing, huh? Well, now, ain't that strange!"

Hear that? Ten to eight, on the next fight, a hundred to eighty on the main, any part of five hundred. Yes, but that's just the unimportant money talking. There's some real jack being bet on this, don't you fool yourself. Louis Martone is backing the Skipper's birds both ways, separately, and on the main. Mearns and the hoofer and the tin-pan-alley boy are stringing with him. The Gonniff is taking them. How simple life really is!

You want to make a bet? Maybe it would look better. Nobody likes a sightseer. Ten bucks—what do you mean, ten bucks? You go over with the big shots. I got to eat tomorrow. Two bucks. All right, it's a bet. Which do you like? Pudgy Davis' bird? You're not so dumb.

THERE. There's the chickens. The big red rooster from Pudgy Davis' coop, that's yours. The other one's red, too, of course, but he's got a little black in him. Practically all game chickens look alike, but put a little money on anything, and your eyes soon sharpen. The Skipper's bird looks smaller, but he can't really be. They've got to weigh within two ounces of each other. Come on, you little black rooster, and buy me a good lunch tomorrow.

It's the black rooster's first professional fight. Listen to him crow. "Come on, Big Red," he says. "You've got two ounces and maybe half-a-year's growth on me, but I'll make you like it, just the same. Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

They're not afraid. One of them is going to be carried out, but they're not afraid. They're all nerves, but they're all control, all fierce repression, too.

There they go.

They don't spar. They don't circle around each other, heads down, like barnyard poultry. They're crazy to get at each other. They come together, a whirling bunch of feathers. Look at them, they're up in the air all the time. They don't worry about leaving their feet. Round and round they go, leaping and kicking and striking.

They're saying to themselves, "Come on, yellow. I know you're yellow. I'll bring it out. I'll prove it." But they're both wrong, because neither one of them is yellow.

Don't watch the birds, watch the crowd. Look at them, so tense, so absorbed, silent or muttering. Watch the counselor, his face like a rock, his mouth tight and cruel. The best things the birds have are the best things he has, too—fierceness and energy and contempt for pain and hatred of defeat. But there's Gonniff Palazzo watching just as closely, and every drop of the Gonniff's blood is yellow. He can't fight, and he won't fight, and he won't tackle anything unless he's got an ace in the hole and at least a king showing. These bouts are fixed; he knows it—he fixed them himself. Still, he watches.

LOOK at Johnny Moore, the hoofer. He's never seen anything more graceful than these whirling balls of fluff, anything so quick, anything so neatly balanced, anything so deadly. Deadly is just what Johnny Moore is not. He dances for a living, but many a dancer's a serious man; Johnny isn't. He's got the charm of a water spaniel, but that lets him out. He's an agreeable fellow and as useless as his own hair tonic.

Look at Pudgy Davis, the owner of this big red rooster. He's raised forty generations of Big Red's family, to fight and to die. Suppose you'd say to him, "Pudgy, if your family had been picked as carefully as Big Red's, maybe things would be different, huh? Maybe you wouldn't be a tin-horn, a piker, a short-sport, always dodging the sheriffs and constables, always in something a little shady—"

Look at Peter Mearns, whose father was a banker and a statesman. Mearns' interests are liquor, musical shows, and what he calls action for his money. Well, he's getting action. Look at Louis Martone's bodyguard, Mickey Doyle.

(Continued on page 40)

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The Red Czar

He is the most powerful man alive. Ascetic in his habits, fanatical in devotion to his creed, oriental in character and in his way of thought, he unites amazing contrasts. Here's Joseph Vissarionovich Djugashvili Stalin, Dictator of Soviet Russia

By Essad Bey

STALIN, the all-powerful Dictator, now lives in the village of Gorky, near Moscow, in the house in which Lenin spent his last days. His is a lonely, secluded life and only seldom does anyone cross the threshold of his country house unless as a sign of special favor he has been invited by the Dictator. The house is guarded night and day on all sides by fifteen specially selected and carefully tested agents, while the whole of the village, in which not a single peasant is to be found today, is occupied by the famous Guards of the Red Flag, who constitute Stalin's bodyguard and are distributed in the houses standing on either side of the broad highway leading to Moscow, the woods and the open fields. This bodyguard was formed by Stalin himself and consists almost exclusively of Caucasians, Ossetes and Georgians, whose language Stalin speaks.

Every morning at nine o'clock a closed armored car, spotlessly clean and shining, drives up to Stalin's house. Accompanied by three secret agents, the Dictator then drives through the guarded streets to the Kremlin, followed in the rear by two cars bearing soldiers of the Red Flag.

Should any danger threaten, so the story goes, six identical cars, similarly guarded, leave the great country mansion in Gorky at specified intervals. The cars drive to Moscow to the Kremlin, where they enter by six different gates. In the evening they leave by the same six gates. Not even the chauffeurs know whether they are driving Stalin or some Caucasian masquerading as the Dictator and prepared to receive any bombs destined for the latter.

The World's Most Guarded Life

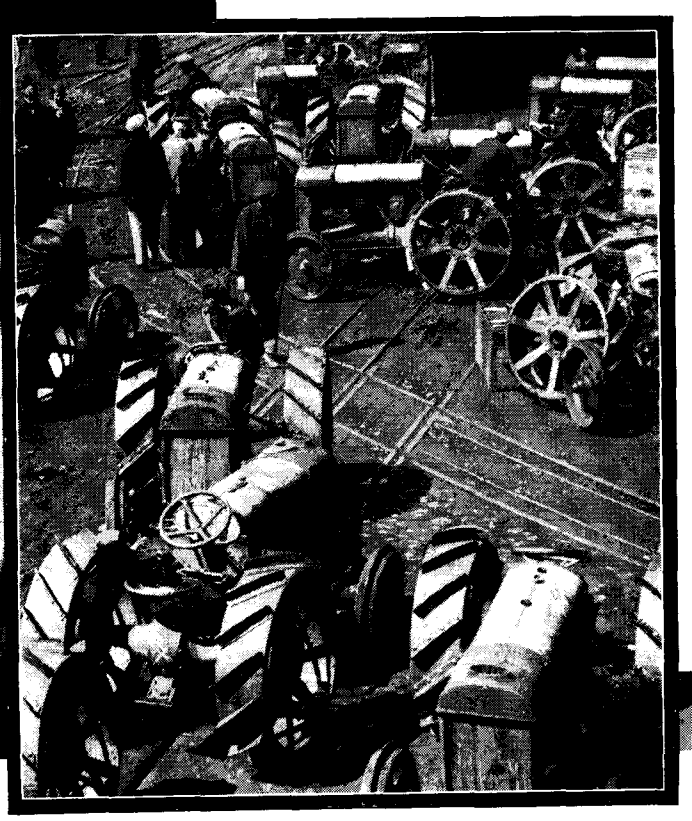
Even in the Kremlin, at meetings, assemblies and conferences, when Stalin is expected, no one ever knows whether he will really come or when he will arrive. Unlike other Bolshevik leaders, Stalin rarely shows himself on the streets. Even at well controlled Bolshevik meetings he always appears unexpectedly, suddenly coming in like a flash, surrounded by a guard. Everything that the practical knowledge of the oriental conspirator and chieftain, supported by police with centuries of European experience behind them, can possibly foresee in the way of attempts on his life is guarded against in Stalin's home, and everything humanly possible is done to safeguard his life. But he is too experienced a conspirator to forget that even the best protective measures may eventually fail. He knows this and is on the alert. He never receives anyone in his room unless a third party is present, and never has his meals in company.

He knows that he is the last of the Bolsheviks. His fall would mean that the last chance of the Revolution, the world upheaval to which he has devoted himself heart and soul, would have vanished.

Work in the Kremlin lasts until late at night. When he has specially important work to do, Stalin goes to live there for weeks at a time. On such occasions, he and his family (five in all) occupy two small rooms. Every ordinary day Stalin spends sixteen to eighteen hours at his desk, poring over papers and documents and forcing the lives of millions of people into his abstract schemes. Meetings, conferences, interviews, inquiries, enactments, audiences—single-handed he controls the whole administration and holds the whole state in his hands.

The leaders all have their meals together in the Kremlin. On the ground floor of the palace a huge table is spread in the dining-room. On plates adorned with the golden eagle of the czars are dished up the daintiest courses that the imagination of the czar's chefs, who now work in the Kremlin, can devise. With careworn faces the new masters sit at the table. They hate each other, insult each other quite openly and shamelessly, and all without exception tremble before the mighty man who, in the twinkling of an eye, can hurl them out of the party.

Stalin himself does not partake of these meals. He hates dainty fare. Sitting alone in his office, buried in his papers, he eats the monotonous Caucasian food the chef or his wholly trustworthy German housekeeper places before him. But danger lurks even in this. For was not Stalin's old friend, Gukovsky, the brigand of Baku and ambassador to Riga, poisoned in the Kremlin without Stalin knowing anything about it or even being able to speak to him before he died? "Call Koba; I



Press Cliche, Moscow

Assembling and testing Soviet-made tractors at a Leningrad plant. These machines are intended for use on the collectivized farms

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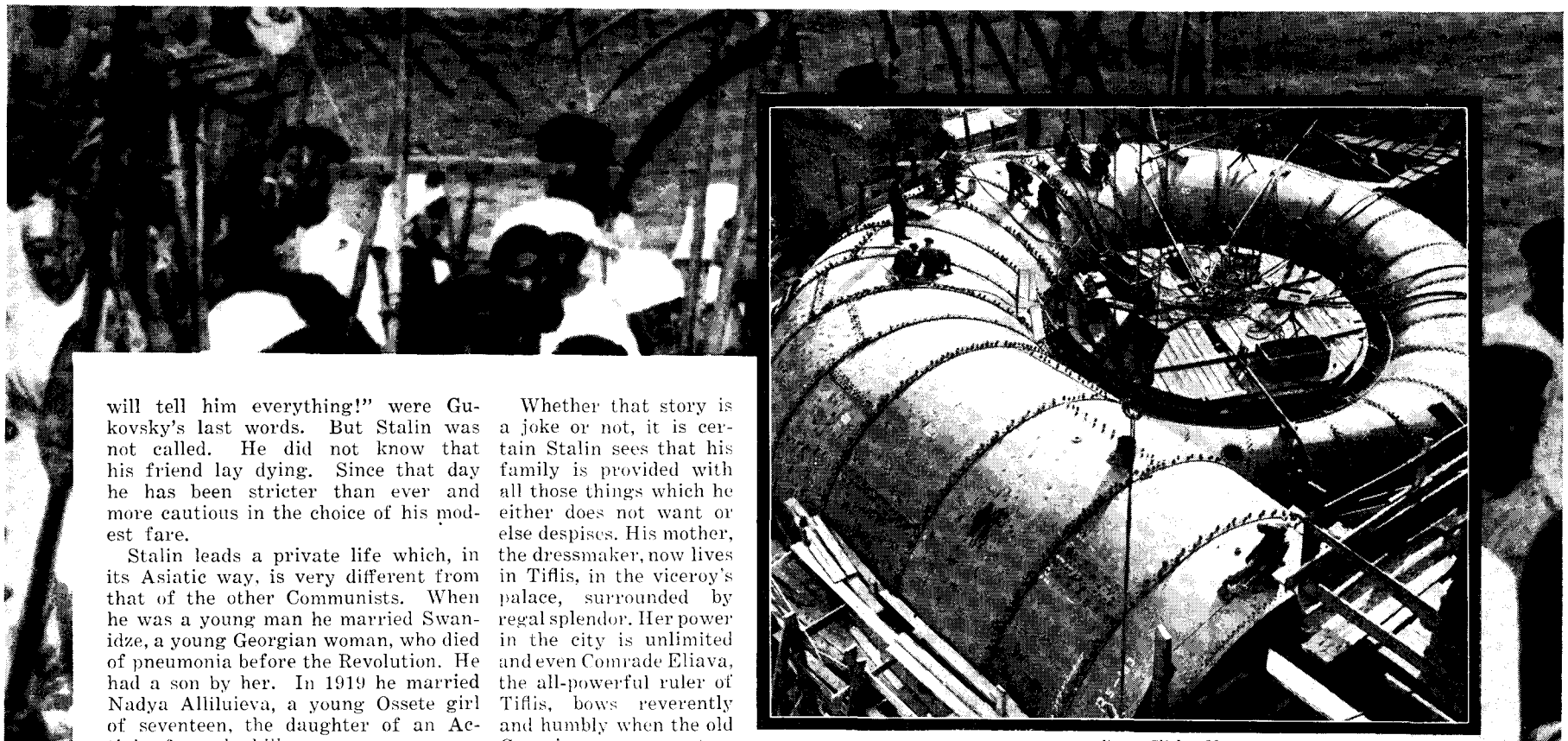

Press Cliche, Moscow

A step in the proposed electrification of the U. S. S. R. This turbine is part of the Dneiper River hydroelectric project at Dnyeprostroy

will tell him everything!" were Gukovsky's last words. But Stalin was not called. He did not know that his friend lay dying. Since that day he has been stricter than ever and more cautious in the choice of his modest fare.

Stalin leads a private life which, in its Asiatic way, is very different from that of the other Communists. When he was a young man he married Swanidze, a young Georgian woman, who died of pneumonia before the Revolution. He had a son by her. In 1919 he married Nadya Alliluieva, a young Ossete girl of seventeen, the daughter of an Activist from the hills.

Russia's Mystery Woman

Not a single word of gossip has ever emanated from her, nor has a breath of scandal ever touched the "most powerful woman in Russia."

For the last three years "Comrade Alliluieva," as she is known, has been pursuing a technical course in the All-Union Industrial Academy of Moscow, intending to become a specialist in the production of artificial silk. Hardly anything else is known or heard about Stalin's wife. All that is certain is that she is young, speaks hardly any Russian, does not interfere in politics and has presented the Dictator with two children, a boy, now eleven, and a girl who is now six years old.

The wife of a Communist of international repute, who spent a few days on a visit at the Dictator's house, witnessed the following scene: One day Stalin, his wife and the lady in question were sitting in a room with the five-month-old baby in the cradle beside them. Presently Stalin's wife found she had something to do in the kitchen and begged her husband to keep an eye on the baby. Stalin, whose pipe is rarely out of his mouth, nodded silently. But as soon as its mother's back was turned, the child began to scream. Stalin went up to the cradle, groped helplessly about and, evidently with the idea of calming the child, puffed the smoke from his pipe once or twice into its face. Naturally it protested and roared lustily. Obviously ill at ease, Stalin lifted his offspring carefully out of the cradle and, as a proof of paternal affection, stuck his pipe into its mouth. The child then began to yell as though it was being roasted alive. At last Stalin too lost his temper. "There's a blackguard for you!" he roared, flinging the baby none too tenderly back into the cradle. "He's not a good Bolshevik!" The whole evening had been ruined for him and until he went to bed he pottered about, whining peevishly and finding fault with everything.

Whether that story is a joke or not, it is certain Stalin sees that his family is provided with all those things which he either does not want or else despises. His mother, the dressmaker, now lives in Tiflis, in the viceroy's palace, surrounded by regal splendor. Her power in the city is unlimited and even Comrade Eliava, the all-powerful ruler of Tiflis, bows reverently and humbly when the old Georgian woman enters his office to make a request or pay a visit.

"That is Stalin's mother!" he whispers in awed tones to any visitors who happen to be present and have not yet become acquainted with the old lady. Whereupon they all grow stiff with respect.

When Stalin's son by his first marriage grew up and failed to pass his examinations at the Technical Institute in Moscow and showed in other ways that he had no interest in science, Stalin without further ado banished him to an out-of-the-way place in Georgia. "If you do not wish to be an engineer," he told him, "be a shoemaker!" When, however, his sister married a Czech Communist, he gave a magnificent banquet, by comparison with which the luxury of the czars was mere barbarian splendor.

Hardly anybody visits Stalin's house except the well-tried friends of yore—Yenukidze, Orzhonikidze, Mikoyan, Voroshilov (the present Minister of War) and Kaganovich, the ex-saddler and present third secretary of the party. These men, who have been tried and not found wanting, constitute the real pillars of Stalin's régime and are occasionally invited to Gorky.

His friends fall into two classes: those who knew him in his early career and to whom he is still "Koba," and those dating from the Revolution, to whom he is Joseph Stalin. He has close friends in both classes, although there are only a few all told who can boast of being friends of Stalin.

At the present moment it is said to be impossible to win his confidence; even in the early days it was not easy. But whenever in some heroic exploit, in a prison cell or some place of hiding, Stalin had found a man on whom he could absolutely rely, he has remained true to him, laid aside his customary gloom and become engaging, friendly and almost cheerful. Never once has he been mistaken in the choice of a friend, and nobody has ever had cause to regret having been picked out by him for the honor. It is to this narrow circle of friends that he shows the chivalrous side of his nature, which otherwise he hides from everybody.

He does not really know how to express his feelings to those of whom he is fond. If a friend and helper falls ill, Stalin sends him twenty pounds of butter and ten pounds of honey with a short note saying, "Eat this and get well; we want you!" His taste where luxuries are concerned does not go beyond butter and honey, for he himself has never known anything better. Genghis Khan used to provide for his friends in much the same way, but instead of butter and honey be sent them mutton dripping and mare's milk wherewith to regale themselves.

Decreeing Sick Men Well

If his friend fails to recover in spite of these attentions, Stalin summons the pick of the Russian medical profession and curtly, almost rudely, orders them to put the invalid right in ten days.

In these circumstances the doctors dare not demur or he would accuse them of "medical sabotage;" and in ten days' time they declare that his friend is restored to health, even at the risk of having to pronounce him sick again in a fortnight. This they are allowed to do.

His closest friends are almost without exception Caucasians, Georgians or Armenians. Like him, many of them were once pupils of the Theological Seminary, and all of them are experienced fighters on the Communistic side. The number of these friends whom he has appointed to responsible positions in the government has been sadly reduced by time. Only two or three survive; the rest were swept away by the Revolution.

(Continued on page 41)

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Correspondence Course

And something about Mr. Rainey's deplorable minority habit

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

Majority Leader Rainey will point the way

SECRETARY of State Stimson's experiment in educating the American press, or its representatives in Washington, in foreign relations ended disastrously. It produced an incident a good deal like the incidents reported in families whose children are educated at progressive schools where the early imparting of the facts of life results in startling disclosures of knowledge at the dinner table. The family of nations was shocked at the frankness with which Mr. Stimson was reported to be speaking of the Japanese and at the extreme frankness with which the Japanese retorted, calling Mr. Stimson a lot of hard names.

One can imagine a delicate situation in which the education of the correspondents might have led to a declaration of war. But happily the whole affair was passed over by both sides as one of the excesses of publicity.

Now that the world in general has accepted the theory, in the Kellogg pact and in the League of Nations, that wars are to be prevented by the concentration of public opinion—a sort of standing about an offending nation and crossing the fingers and crying "Shame! Shame!"—an informed press is necessary to Foreign Offices. Our own press, as represented in Washington, is, I suppose, the despair of the State Department. We don't produce young men who write surely and with adequate background upon the tangled questions of foreign relations.

I am not being supercilious. I make no exceptions to this rule. After a preliminary training in police reporting, followed by experience in writing about the doings of a state legislature, the correspondent comes to Washington to discuss the various affairs of politics and government. There is no such thing as a newspaper specialist writing for the American daily press on the complicated subject of international affairs.

A Secretary of State engaged in "concentrating public opinion" naturally looks about for some means of taking the press into his confidence. And Mr. Stimson, as I have explained before, has a peculiar inclination toward frankness. He is a very honest-minded man, of excellent intentions.

The Inevitable "Boner"

But taking the press into one's confidence in Washington is a good deal like hiring a hall and talking out loud to all comers. There are hundreds of correspondents here all on an equal footing, all equally entitled to see the bosom opened. To pick out some half-dozen or so best qualified on some theory or other to receive the invitation is to arouse the jealousy and incur the hostility of the hundreds of others. Democratic rights are invaded.

Mr. Stimson accordingly picked out his correspondents to whom he would give "background" on a selective principle to which there could be no objection, unless he found it himself in the large number necessarily included. "Background," I should explain, is Washington slang for information not intended for publication, merely given so that correspondents may write intelligently.

The Secretary talked frankly but discreetly about the Manchurian situation. There was an honest exposition of the purposes of the government and of the difficulties facing it. He was diplomatic and restrained in everything he had to say about Japan. For the first time there was the open diplomacy all agree is necessary to democracy.

All went well. Correspondence from Washington was unusually well informed. Coöperation with the League of Nations in regard to Manchuria was accepted without much public shock because the policy and its limits were thoroughly understood.

All went well until the Japanese started what looked like an attack upon Chinchow. Then Mr. Stimson felt called upon to say that this further aggression was incredible in view of the fact that the American Ambassador in Tokio had been assured by the Japanese government that there would be no attack upon Chinchow. This was for publication, intended, I suppose, as a reminder to the Japanese that there were limits to American patience.

By this time, of course, a good many newspaper authorities on the Manchurian problem had been developed. All the informed correspondents were bursting with background. And one of them fortified Mr. Stimson's reminder to Japan with some of his own opinions as to what Mr. Stimson ought to be thinking about Japan. He wrote that the Japanese army was running amuck, and a lot of other highly undiplomatic things.

All this was cabled to the Japanese newspapers. The problem of coöperation between the American press and the State Department remains unsolved.

Our Washington press has been the despair of the State Department

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A Victim of Minorities

Henry T. Rainey, the floor leader of the Democrats, has spent practically all his twenty-eight years in Congress in the opposition. Not only has he belonged to a party which has been practically all the time in the minority but he has also been most of the time a minority of one in that minority.

While his party has moved to a moderate protectionist attitude on the tariff, Mr. Rainey has clung to the old faith and remains the last of the very-low-tariff Democrats in the House.

Now, being always in a minority does something to you. The rank injustice of it makes you feel that this is the worst of all possible worlds. You tend to make up for the lack of numbers on your side by the loudness of voice and the heat and violence of your language.

One wonders just how a man seventy years old with the habit of being in the minority so firmly fixed can adjust himself to being the leader of a majority, a task which requires tact, moderation and public restraint.

And the oddest thing of all is that a man who has disagreed with so many men so many times should be picked by them as their leader.

Of course the selection of Mr. Rainey is partly due to the fact that the Democrats wanted a Northern leader and so poor is the party's representation in the House from the North that he was about the only one available for leader. But that does not explain the readiness with which the party turned to him. Somehow Mr. Rainey represents some ideal in the Democratic party to which Democrats pay tribute. It probably always sees itself as the opposition party.

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A Musical Instrument of Quality

ABOVE IS MODEL 112X Balanced Superheterodyne, eleven tube, Automatic Volume Control, $150. Other Philcos from $56.50 to $295, complete with Philco Balanced Tubes, including new Pentode Power Tube, illuminated station recording dial, hand rubbed cabinets, and many other exclusive Philco features . . . Philco replacement tubes, Philco Short Wave Converter, Philco Transitone for motor cars and boats, Philco Electric Clock and Radio Regulator.

WHEN you hear your favorite radio programs on your PHILCO, you enjoy an intimate recital as fresh and vivid as if the artists and instruments were actually present, in person, in your home, just for you . . . Such vital realism, such fidelity of tone is almost unbelievable. It is not found in any radio except PHILCO. Your PHILCO is not just one instrument, but all instruments in one — the master medium of all the audible arts . . . Close your eyes, turn your back and listen. Your ear cannot distinguish between the voice of PHILCO and the original . . . Give yourself, your family, the pleasure and benefit of the vast wealth of music, education and entertainment that literally crowds the air. It is yours, at its best on PHILCO—the first radio ever scientifically designed as a musical instrument. Leading dealers everywhere are PHILCO dealers. See it. Hear it. Buy it. Enjoy it.

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Hear the greatest musical broadcasts of all time, by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, over the entire Columbia Network, March 12, April 2 at 8:15 P.M. (E. S. T.)

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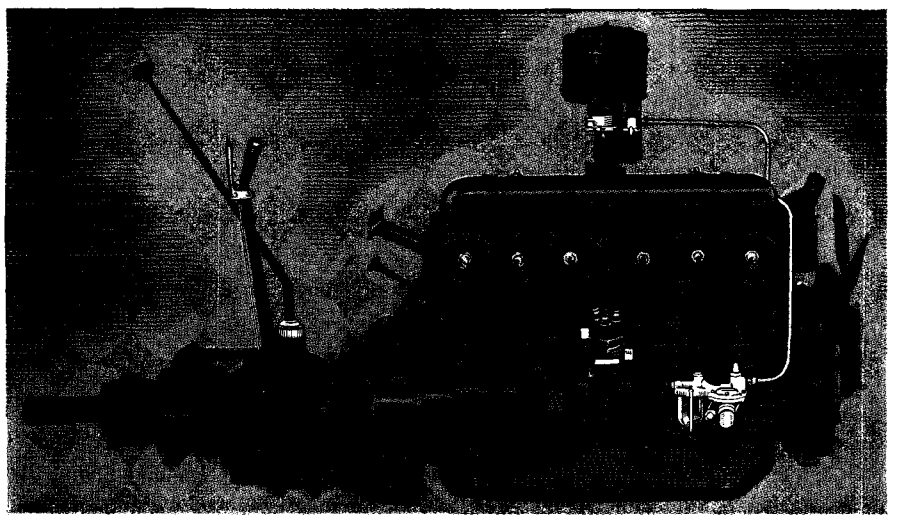
What's New

CHEVROLET
for Economical Transportation

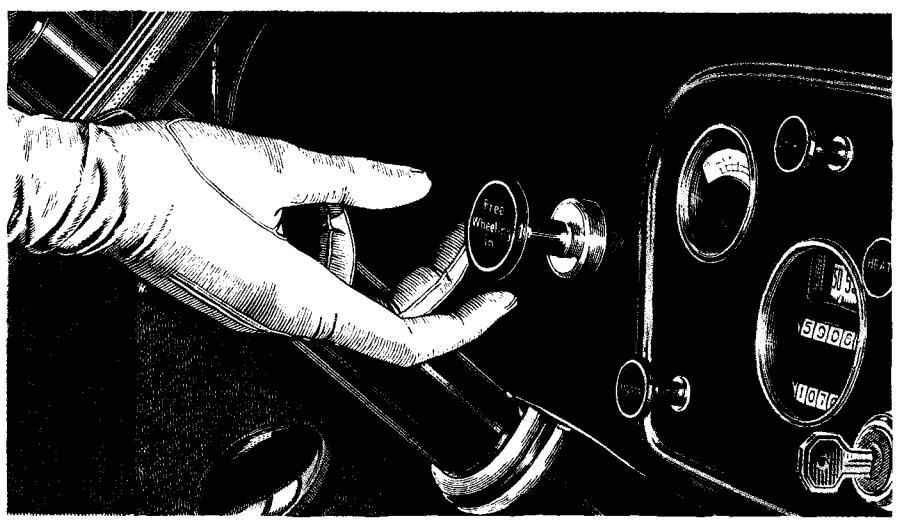
Chevrolet has pioneered many remarkable new features in the past—but never such a long and important list of fine-car advancements as the new Chevrolet Six provides. Nor so many vital features that add to the joy and thrill of driving!

Silent Syncro-Mesh gear-shifting combined with Free Wheeling. A 60-horsepower six-cylinder engine that is 20 per cent more powerful than before. A speed as high as 65 to 70 miles an hour. An acceleration from a standing start to 35 miles per hour in 6.7 seconds. *Built-in* six-cylinder smoothness that is more pronounced than it ever was.



A 60-Horsepower Six-Cylinder Engine

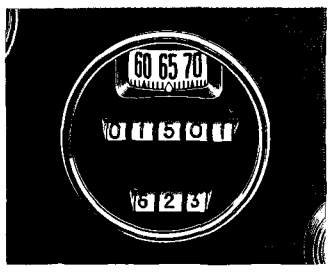
New experiences await you in the Chevrolet Six—new thrills in power, pick-up, smoothness and speed. For Chevrolet has introduced many new engine-features that increase power 20 per cent to 60-horsepower, and make Chevrolet's famous built-in six-cylinder smoothness even smoother. These features include down-draft carburetion, a new cylinder head, new manifolding, a counter-balanced crankshaft and rubber engine mountings.



Simplified Free Wheeling

Chevrolet's Free Wheeling mechanism is a new and advanced type that is extremely simple in construction. You may take advantage of its thrills whenever you want to, by simply pressing a button on the dash. Thereafter, and until you pull the button out again, you are "in" Free Wheeling. You coast along on momentum every time your foot is off the accelerator. And any time you want to shift, you do so with magical simplicity and ease.

65 to 70 Miles an Hour



Vital new features introduced into Chevrolet's six-cylinder engine have increased its top speed to a new high point. You may now go 65 to 70 miles an hour in this car, and do it with astonishing ease, stability and smoothness.

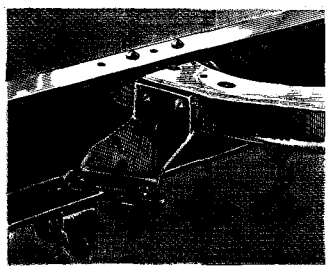
Faster Acceleration

The new Chevrolet Six gives you the kind of pick-up you have always wanted in a modern car. Accurate stop-watch tests show it is capable of accelerating from a standstill to 35 miles an hour in 6.7 seconds—an exceptional performance!

Smoother Operation

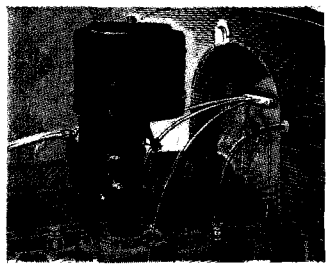
Chevrolet's new engine features, including a counter-balanced crankshaft and a new method of insulating motor from frame by blocks of rubber, make Chevrolet's built-in six-cylinder smoothness even smoother than it ever was.

Stronger Frame and Chassis



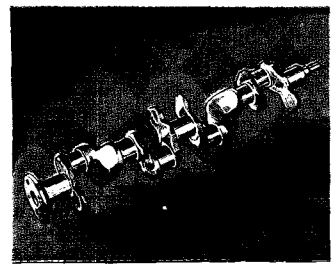
In keeping with Chevrolet's increased power and speed, the chassis has been increased in strength and efficiency. Not only has a new cross-member been added, but the entire line of drive has been strengthened and made much sturdier.

Down-Draft Carburetion



The down-draft carburetor is a big factor in Chevrolet's greater power, speed and pick-up. An intake silencer assures greater quietness. A heat control device warms up the engine quickly and assures more efficient operation.

Counter-Balanced Crankshaft



For greater smoothness the new Chevrolet Six has a stiffer, heavier crankshaft with four counterweights forged to the shaft. These counterweights eliminate crankshaft whip. Hence, engine vibration is reduced to a minimum.

THE GREAT AMERICAN

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IN THE NEW CHEVROLET SIX

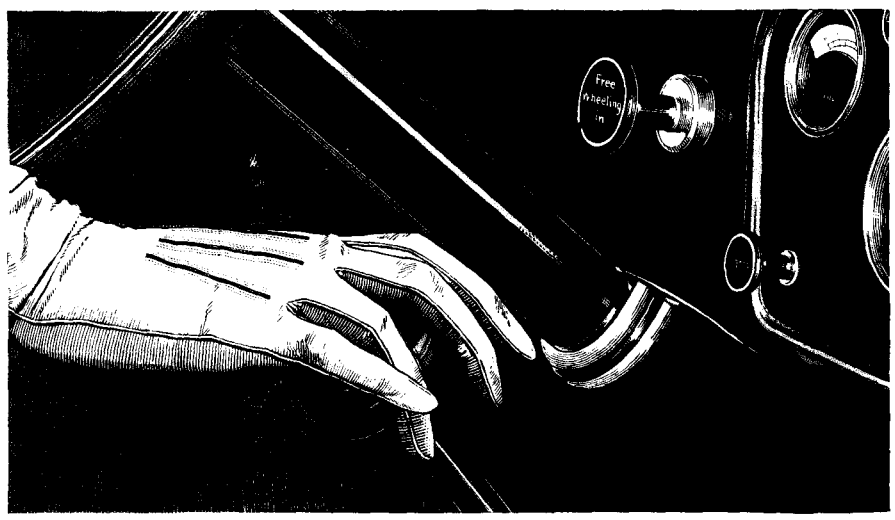
Remarkable stability on rough roads. Sturdier, quieter Fisher body construction. Greater vision for both driver and passengers. New Fisher styling that is by far the smartest ever to come to the low-price field.

Moreover, all these advantages are built into a chassis that has made a remarkable reputation for dependability and economy in the hands of millions of owners. All these advantages are available in 20 different body-types—the most complete choice of models in today's low-price field. And the prices are among the lowest in the market—a fact that confirms Chevrolet's position as *the Great American Value for 1932.*

PRICED AS LOW AS

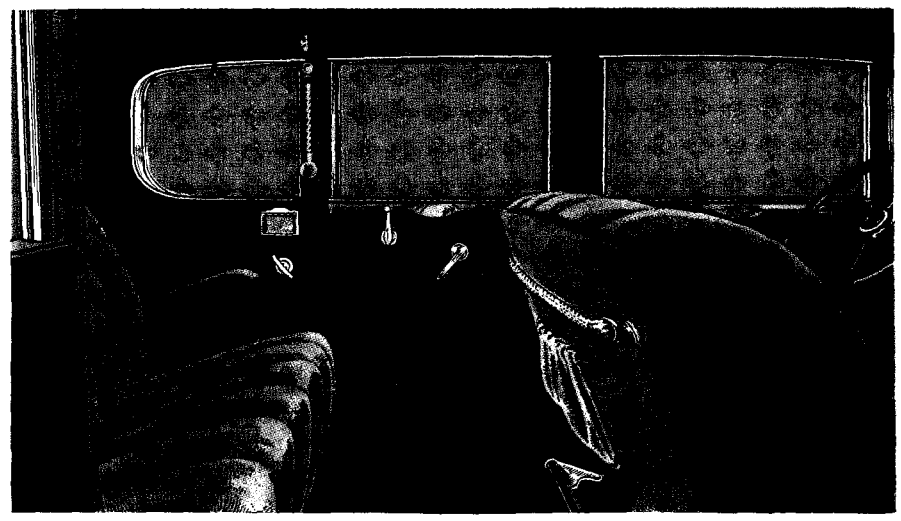
$475

f. o. b. Flint, Michigan, special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G.M.A.C. terms.



Silent Syncro-Mesh Gear-Shifting

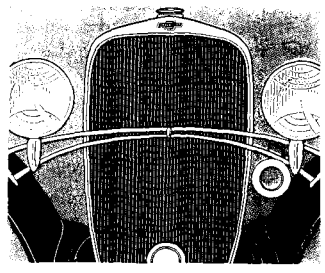
This well-known feature of high-priced cars is the finest type of transmission ever developed. In the new Chevrolet Six, it brings a new type of handling ease and car control to the low-price field. Syncro-Mesh permits you to shift gears with marvelous quickness, quietness and ease. As a safety factor, it is especially valuable. For it places at your command, *instantly*, the full braking power and controlling force of the engine's compression.



Smart New Fisher Bodies

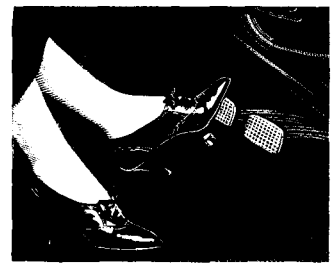
Chevrolet's new Fisher bodies are the smartest bodies ever to appear in the low-price field. Typical of their ultra-modern styling is the streamline treatment of the front pillars. Starting from the hood, the body outline sweeps upward to the roof in an unbroken curve. Fisher craftsmen have added many new elements of strength, quietness and rigidity to the Fisher wood-and-steel construction. Greater vision has been provided for driver and passengers.

Distinctive New Front-End Appearance



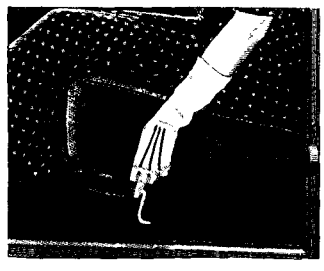
A new elliptical radiator, built-in radiator grille, arched double tie-bar, trumpet-type horn, and bullet-type headlamps—all chromium-plated—form an imposing front-end ensemble. Modish new hood-ports add an ultra-modern touch.

An Improved Clutch



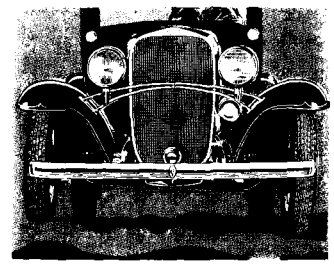
To assure smoother clutch action, the Chevrolet clutch has a new lubricated bearing and is so designed that pressure is applied evenly throughout the entire disc. The tendency to "grab" has been minimized, and durability has been increased.

Finger-Touch Front Seat



One of the interesting conveniences in the Fisher bodies is the new type adjustable front seat. . . . Touching a lever at the left of the cushion permits moving the seat to any position, a feature exclusive to Chevrolet in the lowest price field.

Stabilized Front-End Mounting



Chevrolet engineers have devised an ingenious method of mounting front fenders, lamps, radiator and tie-bar securely to the frame. This construction stabilizes the whole front-end assembly and provides exceptional roadability.

And the following Chevrolet features that have won the approval of millions of owners:

Powerful Four-Wheel Brakes

Hydraulic Shock Absorbers

Semi-Elliptic Springs • Full Length Frame • Insulated Driver's Compartment

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

VALUE FOR 1932

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Winter Range

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

TWO men—John Mason, a banker, and Zack Sanders, cook at the Bar Hook ranch—have been murdered. Examination of their bodies (found on the Bar Hook within fifty yards of the home of its owner, Campo Ragland) reveals the fact that they died almost simultaneously, near each other, of wounds inflicted by different guns.

Hoping to solve the mystery, Kentucky Jones, a young live-stock dealer, gets a job at the Bar Hook as a cowboy. A series of strange events follows. Joe St. Marie, a quarter-blood Indian, claims to have seen the "ghost" of Mason! Jean Ragland, Campo's lovely daughter, has a secret meeting with her father's bitter enemy, Bob Elliot. Elliot, owner of the 88, sends his cattle into the Bake Pan region, which Ragland regards as his range—and Ragland refuses to fight!

Mystified, Kentucky asks Jean for an explanation. "I can't tell you," the girl says. "But this I know: Father won't fight—*ever!*" Then—"I own a fifth interest in the Bar Hook. Suppose I sell it to you—*and let you do the fighting?*"

Kentucky accepts the offer, buys the girl's interest. Then, going to Elliot, he orders him to take his cattle off Ragland's land. Elliot scornfully refuses. "You want to know what's going on here?" he asks. "Well, ask Jean Ragland to tell you what she knows!"

The challenge disturbs Kentucky. He knows, now, that he loves Jean Ragland—and that she loves him. . . . Riding back to the Bar Hook, he meets her. She is wildly excited; and she gives him some startling news. Elliot's men have attacked some of her father's cowboys. There has been a gun fight on the Bake Pan.

Kentucky turns his horse toward the Bake Pan trail—and makes plans for battle.

VI

LEE BISHOP was twenty minutes ahead of Kentucky Jones in reaching Billy Petersen and Jim Humphreys; but he had sighted Kentucky on the down trail, and he waited now for Kentucky to come up. Had Lee Bishop not been there, Kentucky might well have overridden his mark, so well did the thickening dusk combine with the sparse scatter of the Bake Pan brush to conceal the dead horse and the man who sat against it.

"They got Jim Humphreys," said Lee Bishop morosely as Kentucky pulled up. "I bet he never lived to hit the ground. If that boy was shot once he was shot half a dozen times."

"What about Billy?"

Billy Petersen was leaning against his dead horse, his legs stretched upon his folded saddle blanket. In the failing light his face looked a pale gray-green. "I'm all right," he said without conviction.

"He busted his ankle, some way, when his horse flopped. We better take him over to the lower camp, Kentuck—he thinks he can ride all right if we lead along easy. We'll tie Jim Humphreys on your horse, I guess. He's lying over here about a hundred yards."

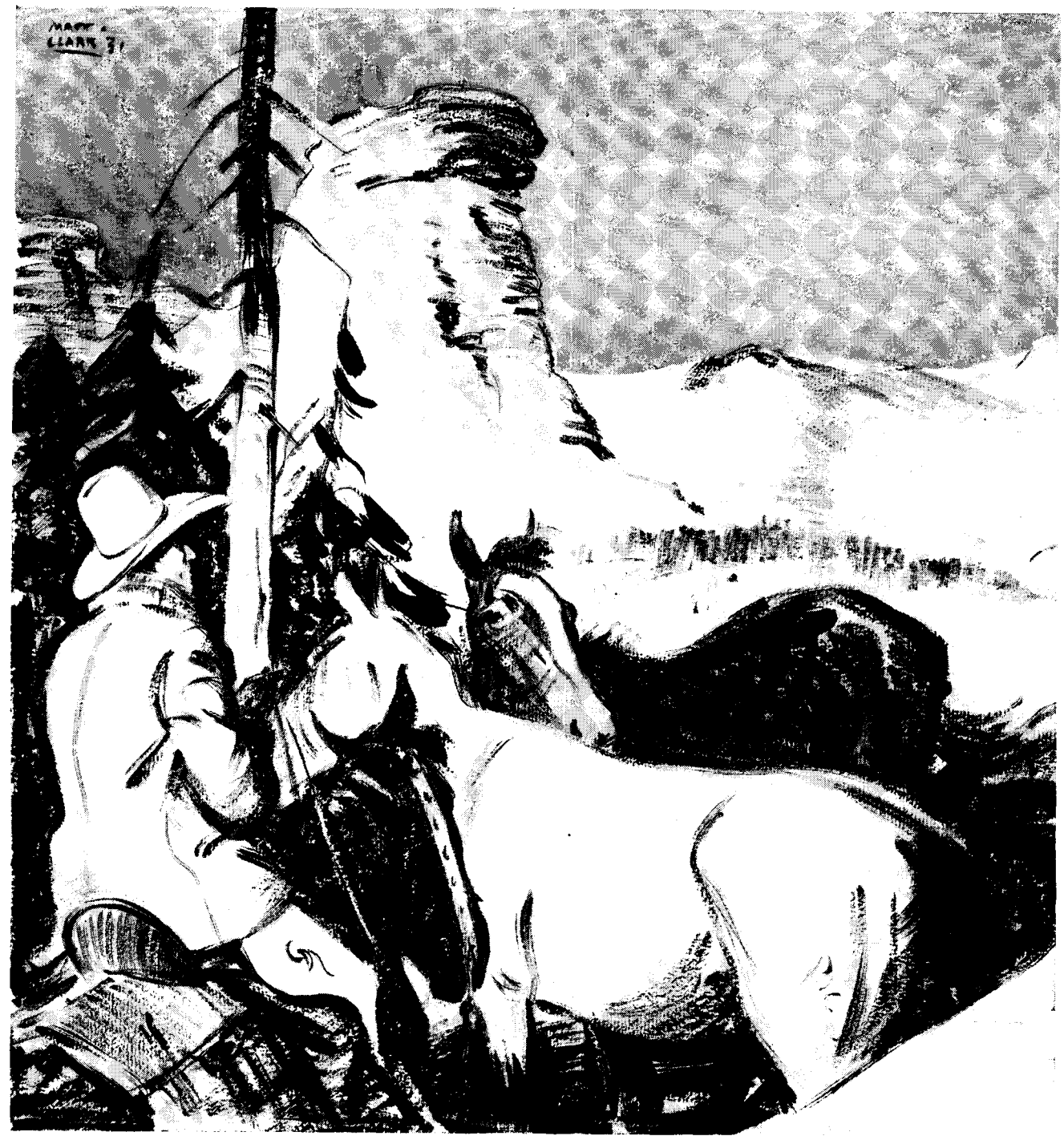
They traveled the half mile to the Bar Hook Bake Pan camp slowly, Lee Bishop and Kentucky walking and leading the horses. The horse Billy Petersen rode plodded head down, stolidly; but the other, upon which they had lashed Jim Humphreys for his last trip in the saddle, fidgeted all the way, made uneasy by the unnatural position of its burden.

"How did this thing start?"

"Me and Jim was coming home," Billy Petersen said, "past our southwest well. The 88 had stuck up a kind of a tripod there, like as if to represent a well of their own, and it made us mad. We threw it down. Coming on about a mile farther we run into these four fellers, riding toward us. We seen 'em all the time, but a long way off. Three of 'em was together, and one laying back, when we met up."

"Who were they?" Kentucky asked.

"Three of 'em," Billy Petersen said, "I never knew. They're new fellers that ain't rode for the 88 long. The other feller was Paul Martinez; but he wasn't there for the bother—he was still a couple of furlongs off, coming up at a high lope, when the row broke.



"Jim Humphreys is dead." She put her hands to

"THEY come up in front of us and stopped. One of 'em said, 'Which of you is boss here?' Jim Humphreys said, 'Who the hell wants to know?' One of 'em says, 'I see you threw down our well tripod.' Jim says, 'And what if I did?' Well, one word led to another, and finally one of 'em says, 'Damn you, Bishop—'"

"Bishop?" said Kentucky.

"That's what he called him. Jim didn't bother to tell him different. Then all of a sudden the guns was out."

"Who pulled the first iron?" Kentucky asked.

"Jim did," said Billy Petersen mournfully. "Jim, he fired the first shot. Only he missed. One of the 88 fellers made the quickest draw I ever see or heard tell of. His first shot put Jim out of business, I think. One of 'em took a throw at me, and the other two poured it into Jim as he went down."

Billy Petersen paused and seemed to sway in the saddle so that Kentucky reached his hand out to him; but Billy set his teeth in his cheek and steadied himself. "I'm all right," he said. "I grabbed out my gun and I threw a shot some place, but I don't know where, because right then my damn' pony blew up."

"He sure did," said Lee Bishop. "Boy, that bronc unwound!"

"He made two or three pitches," Billy said, "and then he took and run wild with me two, three hundred yards; I pulled his fool head right back in my lap, but he just run loco, stargazing. I got him turned around—I don't know where I was exactly—when all of a sudden he somersaulted. I forget what I was trying to do right then."

"He was charging back into 'em," grunted Lee Bishop; "that's what he was trying to do."

"Paul Martinez had come up by then, and he was shouting at the other fellers. We threw a few shots back and forth, but I was behind the horse then. Paul Martinez rode over towards where Jim Humphreys fell; I pasted a couple at him, and he went off with the rest. This—this leg sure feels like something happened to it."

THEY lifted Billy Petersen off his horse and carried him into the one-room log bunkhouse which, with two good-sized corrals and a barn, constituted the Bake Pan camp of the Bar Hook. Kentucky hastily built a fire while Lee Bishop cut off Billy Petersen's boot. "Catch hold of the top of the bunk, Billy," he said at last. A strangling cry broke from Petersen's throat as Lee Bishop seized the injured ankle and suddenly jerked backward with all his weight. "The poor guy fainted," he told Kentucky. "I don't guess I'll bandage this here till we get some hot water."

"I've got water heating on the stove."

"Give me the makings. Say—where did Jean go?"

Kentucky told him briefly what he had done.

"You sure took things on yourself," said Lee Bishop, eying him.

"What did you want done different?" asked Kentucky.

"I don't know as I'd have done anything different. I guess you done all right. The old man sure can't keep from fighting now. From here out it's pile into them and pile into them, and

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her face, and he thought she swayed in the saddle

Illustrated by Matt Clark

pile in again. All I ask is, save me Bill McCord!"

"What do you want to do with Jim Humphreys?"

"Lay the poor guy out in the stable, I guess."

"Jean Ragland is coming down here with three more horses. I better go on back up and meet her on the trail. She'll break her neck sure, rounding those horses down that trail in the dark."

"Get going, then. When you get back to the house phone to Waterman for the Doc to come out and reset this leg tomorrow."

"O. K."

Kentucky met Jean Ragland near the top of the trail. She had cast loose the leads of her two extra horses at the rim of the descent and was pushing them ahead of her. They stopped and stood waiting in a tangle on the trail as Kentucky came up. "Don't push that stocking-foot black too close," she called to him; "he'll go cutting up the switchback."

"Let him," said Kentucky; "we won't need the horses now."

Kentucky never forgot the reluctance of that meeting. He could still feel the dead, ungainly weight of Jim Humphreys in his arms, and the news that he had to give Jean burdened him heavily. The abrupt, precipitous descent falling away behind him into thickening dark, and the black loom of the driven horses between himself and Jean filling the trail above him—these things seemed parts of a nightmare.

"How badly are they hurt?" she asked him.

"Jim Humphreys is dead."

SHE put her hands to her face, and he thought that she swayed in the saddle. He dropped from his horse and went to her, shouldering between the driven ponies. Reaching her stirrup, he took her hand to steady her; for, though he could not see her very well in the closing dark, it seemed to him that she had suddenly turned weak and sick. Her hand gripped his and clung; and even through their heavy gloves he detected the tremor of her fingers.

"Is Billy all right?" she asked, her voice faint.

"He broke his ankle when his horse faded; we'll have to get somebody out from Waterman to set it."

Jean drew a deep, shuddering breath. "Why do people have to go smashing around, destroying each other?"

"It's bad," he agreed; "nobody likes it any less than I do. But we'll have to go on with it a little way more."

"The sheriff ought to be able to—"

"Billy says himself that Jim Humphreys fired the first shot. Range shootings always come in as self-defense. The fight will have to go on. I didn't get anywhere with Bob Elliot today. I told him what I was going to do, and he said come ahead with it; and we left it there."

Jean freed her hand. Her voice was steadier now. "The house was searched again," she told him. "Nothing much is gone."

"Nothing at all?"

"All that seems to be missing is an old .45; it hasn't been out of its holster for two or three years, to my positive knowledge. Haven't you any theory yet about who keeps ransacking the house?"

"It's mighty hard," he admitted, "not to put a theory to that. But I'm still following Old Man Coffee's way. If one theory is worse than another, it's a theory that covers just part of a case."

He mounted, and they made their way single file up the trail in silence. The loose horses turned and followed them.

He brought his horse abreast of hers as they gained the level footing of the Bench and she turned to him vaguely: "I don't know if I can stand this, Kentucky, if it goes on much longer. Anything is better than this terrible waiting, and mystery, and nobody understanding the other."

"We'll see the beginning of action tomorrow!"

"Kentucky,"—her voice was faint with reluctance—"I'm awfully afraid that we won't."

"What do you mean? With those boys that we sent Harry Wilson for," he assured her, "I could stampede half the cattle in the rimrock back where they belong. You'll see us—"

"THE boys you wanted aren't coming, Kentucky."

"Didn't you send Harry Wilson to—"

"I sent him; I told him exactly what you told me to tell him, and he went ripping along that crooked road fit to kill himself."

"Then—"

"My father was there, Kentucky. I didn't even know he was there until I had routed Harry Wilson out of the bunk house and started him to town. He came running out when he heard Harry drive out. I told him what had happened down on the Bake Pan. Kentucky, his face lit up as if it had been what he was waiting for. It was the strangest thing. You could see how terrible it was to him; yet it was as if he came back to himself again, all in a moment. He started to turn and go to his horse that was still standing saddled near the door."

"But if he means to take up the fight—"

"No, Kentucky; all of a sudden he seemed to remember what he had started to ask in the first place—where Harry Wilson was going in the car. Then I told him what I had done, what you told me to do. He stood there, and he seemed to think. And all that hard, terrible light went out of his face again. And in the end it all simmered down to just a kind of a show of mean temper. I never saw him go into moods anything like that before Mason died. This terrible thing has done something to us all."

"You mean he didn't want us to send to Waterman for more—"

"He was furious, Kentucky—in a kind of ugly, discouraged way. He wanted to know who you thought you were, sending for men to hire onto his outfit. Of course I hadn't told him yet about selling you my share of the outfit."

"What did you say to him?"

"Kentucky, I kind of lost my temper for a moment," Jean said. "I told him this was the time to fight, if ever he meant to. Kentucky, as I sat on the rim and heard the guns and saw Jim Humphreys keel out of his saddle—oh, I was plenty sick. But something way down inside of me wants to hang onto the range, and won't let go. If they fight—I can see we've got to stand our ground."

"You told him that?"

"Not all that—but other things. It was enough. I guess it was too much."

"What did he do?"

"HE TOLD me to get in the house and stay there. He said it plenty forceful! I'd give anything in the world to know what's got into him."

Once more Kentucky was forced to think steadily of the reputation for infallibility which Old Man Coffee had earned—as he said—by his theory of having no theories. One theory in particular that was not pretty to look at was trying to force its way into his mind. But once more he put theory down.

"Campo convinced himself," Jean was continuing, "that it would be an irreparable hurt if Waterman—and the rimrock—got the idea that we meant to make gunfight. The upshot of it was that Dad finally jumped into the other car and went ripping down the road to

(Continued on page 47)

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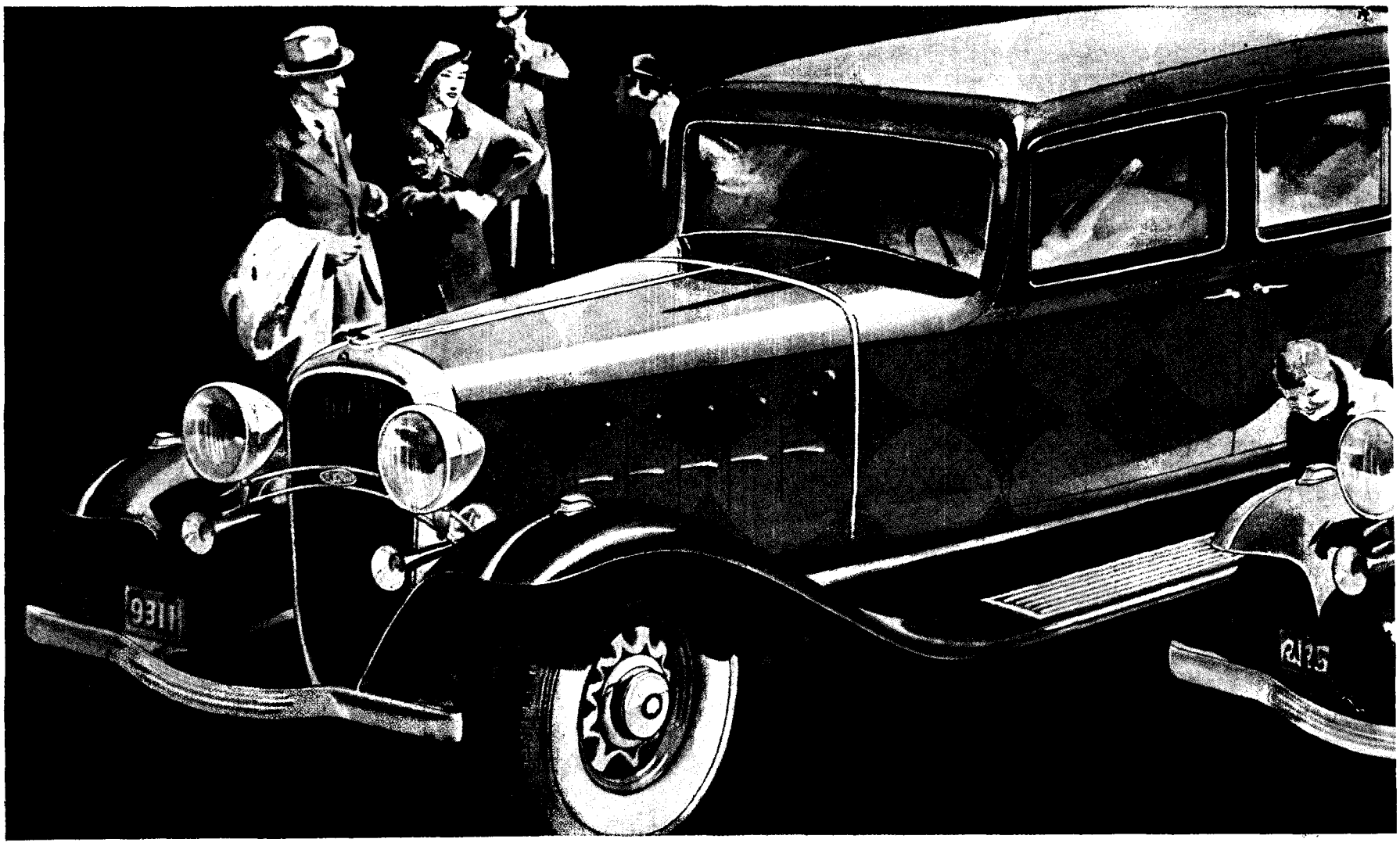

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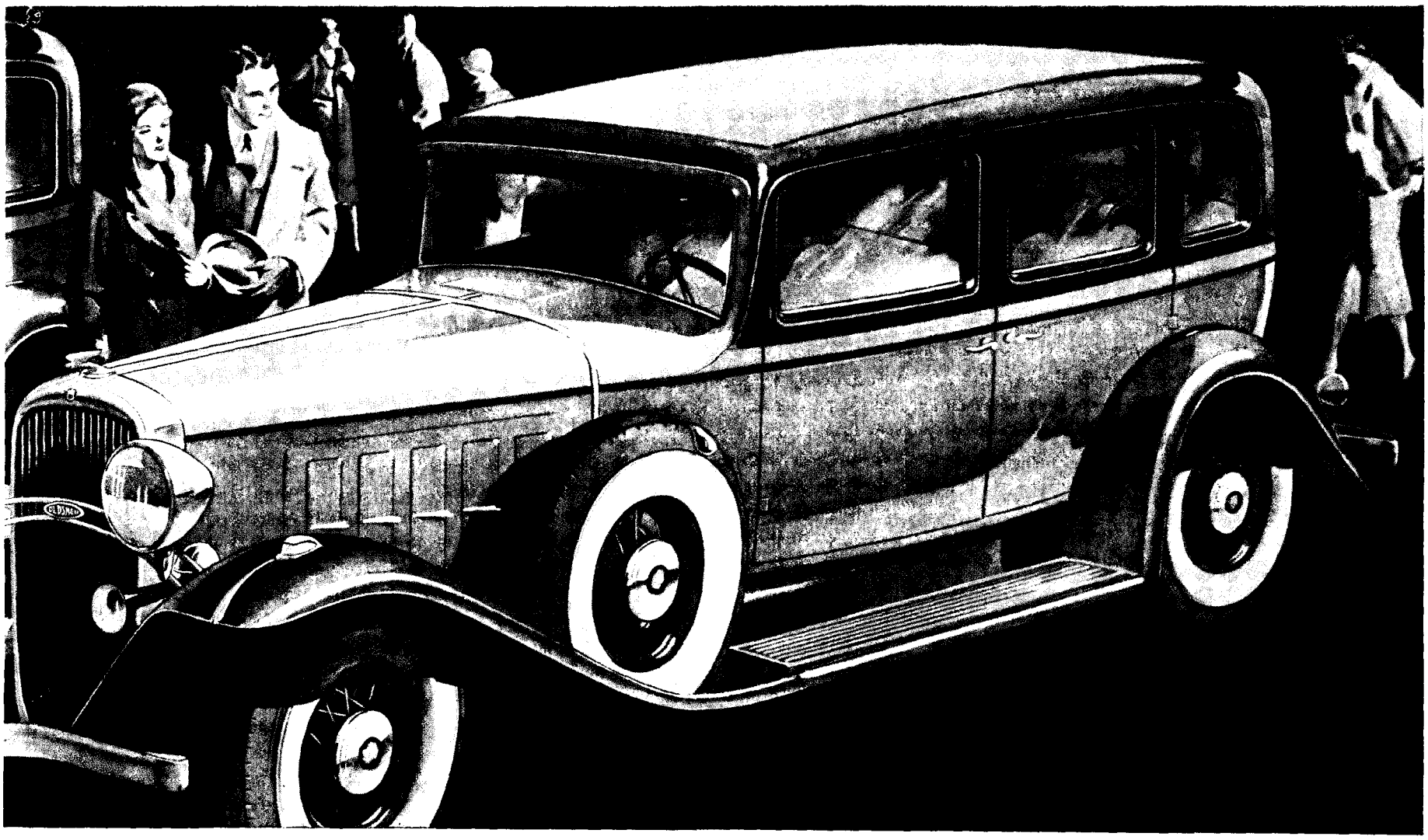

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"You mustn't ever feel that you haven't the right to be alone with me like this," said Julie

The Big Pink

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

X

The Story Thus Far:

EDWIN BLEECKER JEWETT III has a weird sense of humor; also, a tutor—Dr. Beekman Winship, a large scholar with pink whiskers. Mr. Jewett decides to eliminate the whiskers; he does so by convincing the doctor that the police are on his trail; that, if he hopes to avoid recognition, the whiskers must come off. They come off.

Eddie, much pleased, resorts to further machinations. Presently Winship finds himself being trained—much against his will—by one Dan McGurk, maker of pugilists, to become world's heavyweight champion. . . . At Narrow Harbor, where pupil and tutor are guests of Eddie's Aunt Julie (Mrs. Ronald Bedloe), exciting events follow. Eddie is blissfully happy—the girl he loves, Beeby Gwynn, is on hand. The learned doctor is upset. The lady toward whom *he* entertains sentimental feelings—Miss Wilhelmina Borden—gives him no encouragement. Others do—notably, Eddie's Aunt Julie, Miss Nevada Sullivan (night-club star), and the fair Nellie, a maid at the Bedloe home. But the doctor, true to Wilhelmina, is distrait. Then—

Aunt Julie declares herself, confesses what is in her heart. Aunt Julie goes further. She kisses Dr. Winship! Whereupon, *Miss Wilhelmina Borden rides* slowly by, and witnesses the charming episode. . . . Meanwhile, drama is shaping in the Borden kitchen. Nellie, the maid, has a suitor: Trooper Dill, of the New York State Police. He calls. "I," he announces dramatically, "need your help. I'm after that big racketeer in this house—"

Winship, his romance shattered, longs for escape, oblivion, *anything*. He is frantic. Before him, as he gazes through his window into the night, motorboats are chugging to and from the near-by beach. Rum-runners! Ha! An inspiration! He rushes from the house, slips down to the beach—to join the desperate crew!

AT THE sound of Winship's shout a sudden paralysis seemed to descend upon the buccaneers. They stood immobile for a moment, facing him.

Then the headlamps winked out. Tiny jets of light stabbed through the darkness, light such as Winship had seen once before. Again his ears heard the chatter of a giant corn popper and the crackling of flying lead. His comrades were saying it, in Eddie's phrase, with bullets! Instinct flung him forward, flattened him earnestly on the sand. The firing waned, ceased. He looked up in time to catch a glimpse, in the rekindled headlamps, of the motorboat darting arrowlike to sea. The truck itself withdrew to the thick cover of the woods and disappeared.

Winship stood up and called despairingly. From far out in the cove the dwindling hum of the departing launch gave him unfriendly, jeering answer. He was aware of a sudden change of heart toward his intended companions, of a pleasant rise in his own self-respect. Single-handed and weaponless he had scattered in headlong flight two bands of armed and ruthless desperados. His head went up; his chest expanded. It was as well, he thought, that chance had prevented him from joining adventurers of this timid type, adventurers to whom he found himself applying, aloud, a favorite epithet of Mr. Dan McGurk's.

"The yellowbellies," he said. "The chicken-livered yellowbellies!"

As if in rebuke, something tripped him; he sprawled heavily over a shapeless bundle of wet burlap. In this bundle his exploring hand became aware of bottles. Rising, he laughed. He bore the burlapped package with him as the spoils and trophy of a victory. Lighted windows guided him back to the Bedloe house. In its doorway, as he reached the porch, Mrs. Bedloe and her husband, informally attired, awaited him. Eddie Jewett, in pajamas, appeared beside them.

A CHORUS of inquiry greeted him. He answered by brandishing the bundle.

"I happened to see some queer lights on the beach and went down to find out what they meant. It turned out to be nothing but some rum-runners. They got away, but they left this behind them."

He saw in triplicate a look that warmed him through. Admiration, even for unworthy reasons, even if not wholly merited, was something to which he was not as yet accustomed. Julie Bedloe gave it voice:

"I never in all my life heard of anything so perfectly heroic!"

Ronald Bedloe shook his head.

"You shouldn't have risked going there alone, Winship. Those fellows are apt to be dangerous. You ought to have—" he paused—"you ought to have waked me."

"There was no danger," Winship said negligently. "The moment they saw me the rascals took to their heels, so to speak."

Eddie laughed admiringly. "I'll bet they did, the way you look, Doc!" He laid hold of the wet burlap. "Let's see what you've got."

Skillfully undoing a few loose stitches, he exposed the gleaming necks and bulging bellies of squat brown bottles. Mrs. Bedloe gasped:

"LIQUOR! In this house! Ronald, break those bottles instantly!"

Bedloe hesitated. "I don't think we ought to do that, Julie."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, Julie, it's against the law to destroy evidence, and if those rum-runners should be arrested it might be very important to have this stuff to prove what they were up to. We'd better keep it till we're quite sure it won't be needed. We can lock it in the little cupboard under the stairs. It'll be perfectly safe there."

Mrs. Bedloe allowed herself to be persuaded. Winship knelt to stow away his plunder. Ronald Bedloe pocketed the key. Doubts continued to distress his wife.

"I hate to let it stay there," she said. "It would be too dreadful if anybody should find it."

"Nobody'll even look for it," Bedloe reassured her. "Nobody except us knows that there's anything there to look for."

He spoke with an assurance not fully justified in fact, but nevertheless excusable. There had been no sound from overhead, and Operative C-76 herself, to whose inspiriting and truthful history Miss Ellen Vitty now returned, could not have accomplished that withdrawal more noiselessly.

Not even Operative C-76, however, could have heard, a little later, the opening of a door, the faint creaking of stairs, the click of keys and clink of glass, the gurgle of covertly flowing liquid, or even the repeated creaking, considerably less furtive and quite a little later, of the stairs.

All of these sounds, nevertheless, had there been an ear sensitive and wakeful enough to hear them, might have been heard.

DURING the morning hours Winship had enjoyed the safety found in numbers. Eddie's company at breakfast had given him a comforting security as to Nellie; the early journey to the pains and humiliations of the training quarters had seemed almost an escape. Even the beach, although Julie Bedloe had chosen this morning to visit it, was made reasonably safe by the presence there of other persons, and safer still by Winship's own happy device of swimming straight out to the float and staying there till it was time to dress for luncheon.

At the table, too, with Ronald Bedloe and Eddie present, there had been no immediate danger. Only afterward, when Eddie went immediately to sleep, did Winship's anxieties find keen edge.

"I'm going to sit on the terrace," Julie Bedloe announced, "if I can persuade anybody to come and keep me from being too, too lonesome."

It was a command, Winship knew, all the more peremptory because it seemed only to concede and promise. He snatched, like a drowning swimmer, at the nearest straw. This happened to be Ronald Bedloe's elbow.

"We'll both come, won't we?"

He spoke with a fair counterfeit of heartiness. Bedloe freed his arm.

"I—uh—I'll be with you later," he said. "I've got to see about some—uh—matters."

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Julie's smile gave him fond release. He withdrew, Winship thought, in rather hurried fashion.

"That was dear and generous of you." Julie whispered as she surrendered to the embrace of a deep chair in cool, friendly shadow. "But you mustn't ever feel that you haven't the right to be alone with me like this."

"I—uh—I—" Winship got no farther.

"There's no disloyalty to Ronald in my doing whatever I can to make it even a little easier for you."

"I—uh—"

"Ronald would want me to. He's almost as deeply in your debt as I am for all you've done for dear Edwin. Of course he doesn't dream how much it's costing you."

To this Winship found nothing to say. He said it.

"Do you know—" Julie spoke softly—"I truly believe that you're doing almost as much for Ronald as for dear Edwin. I'm perfectly sure it was your example that inspired him to begin taking a little exercise and it's already done perfect wonders for him. You must have noticed how much he's changed. Why, Dr. Frisbee didn't expect that he'd be ready for the lawn-mower treatment for months and months. So I've *two* reasons for being grateful to you, so grateful that I—"

Winship found speech. "Don't speak of it," he said. "Please don't."

"But I *must* speak of it! I didn't understand, at first, about last night, but of course I know now why you went out there alone to face those desperate criminals."

Winship achieved a gurgling sound.

"I know you thought—you hoped that you'd be killed."

Again Winship made the gurgling noise.

"I want you to promise me that you'll never, never do such a thing again! I want you to realize how much you have to live for. I want you to think of your work, your career—"

Winship moaned faintly. His career!

"I want you to think of me, too, and how I should feel if I knew that I had driven you to your death! You *will* promise, won't you?"

She chose to interpret another wordless gurgle as assent. "Oh, thank you!"

Her fingers rested lightly on Winship's clenched hand. She withdrew them at the sound of approaching footsteps—withdrew them quickly, just as Ronald Bedloe appeared in the French window.

IT SEEMED to Winship that Julie had been right as to the sudden betterment of her husband's health. Bedloe's slight, reedy figure suggested vigor, at least of spirit. His voice, too, was notably robust.

"That Garglerine stuff is certainly the best toothwash I ever tried," he announced. A warm, pungent aroma, dimly reminiscent of dentistry, inflamed the quiet air. "Makes me feel like a new man every time I use it."

"You do look ever so much better, dearest," Julie said.

"I feel better." Bedloe unpocketed, not without a hint of derring-do, a long, slim, wickedly black cigar.

"Dearest! Surely you aren't going back to—"

Bedloe, still with a certain swaggering bravado, struck a match.

"One smoke isn't going to kill me, I guess."

"But Dr. Frisbee told you—"

"Ah-h!" Bedloe, exhaling, sighed luxuriously. He drew up a chair. Julie's gesture arrested him as he made ready to sit.

"Dr. Frisbee's expecting you at two this afternoon. You mustn't be late, dear. He said it was specially important."

The cheerfulness of Bedloe's face was only vaguely clouded.

"I guess there's no hurry."

"But there is, dear! It's nearly two now—"

"H'm. You're in a hurry, anyway." The geniality faded out of Bedloe's look. "In a hurry to get rid of me."

Julie gasped.

"Why—why, Ronald!"

The amazement in her voice did not sound wholly displeased. Winship had an absurd impression that she wasn't displeased at all. He saw, suddenly, his chance to escape.

"I'll stroll over with you, Bedloe, if you like. A little mild exercise—"

"We'll both come with you," Julie announced gayly. She rose, laughing softly, almost delightedly, Winship thought, and, with a charming impartiality, having slipped her right hand within her husband's elbow, rested the other in the bend of Winship's arm. In this fashion they set out upon the journey.

It was, for Winship, an unhappy journey. His unspotted innocence did not protect him against an unreasonable feeling of guilt in respect to Ronald Bedloe, an uneasiness in the society of a man who had tardily begun to feel a just and partially warranted jealousy. Several times, during the brief walk, he mopped his brow with one of Signor Primavera's silk handkerchiefs.

He was even glad to see Dr. Rufus Frisbee, waiting on the veranda of the sanitarium. There were, he perceived, redeeming qualities in Frisbee, who, greeting him with marked coolness, immediately led Mr. and Mrs. Bedloe away to his consulting-room and thus afforded Winship opportunity for swift self-effacement.

IN THE act of departure, however, he was halted by the sound of his name spoken in softly ardent entreaty. He turned to confront Cecelia Mellish. Suddenly he remembered his part in the removal, from her ennobling influence, of young Mr. Maybury.

"I wanted to thank you for your simply wonderful kindness to Arthur."

Winship blotted his forehead gently and offered no other response.

"When he told me about it," Miss Mellish continued, "my first thought was that he really ought not to let you do it. You are giving so much of your time and strength to Eddie Jewett that it didn't seem fair to let you help Arthur, too."

Winship still clung to the Jewett system of debate.

"But now I see that I was wrong." Cecelia's glance somehow contrived to convey the impression that it approved of even the dimensions upon which it dwelt. "It must be marvelous to be so strong that you can stay up half the night tutoring Arthur after spending all day long helping poor Eddie Jewett. You don't look tired either."

Winship saw clearly enough that she must have misunderstood some statement of Arthur Maybury's. He knew that he ought to tell her so, that it was his duty to exp— For some reason the word refused to complete itself even in his thought. He chose, uncandidly, to perspire in assenting silence. Under the glow of Cecelia's gaze he was uncomfortably reminded of Eddie Jewett's warning against allowing her to catch him alone. There was something incandescent in that look, something that made it possible, suddenly, for Winship to understand—though still deploring it—the coarse but descriptive phrase that Eddie had employed.

INVOLUNTARILY his head turned to seek behind him for some hope of rescue or escape.

Instead, he saw approaching him a man who might have served as model for the portrait of the perfect scholar; a man almost translucent, magnificently narrow and stooped of shoulder; a man whose neck spindled up to support, precariously, a head manifestly dedicated to the storage of a mighty intellect; a face adorned with a thin straggle of sand-colored beard and decorated by thick lenses that magnified pale, midnight-oil eyes.

Mysteriously, however, as Winship contemplated this ideal embodiment of scholarship, he was not moved to envy. He felt instead a stirring of amused compassion.

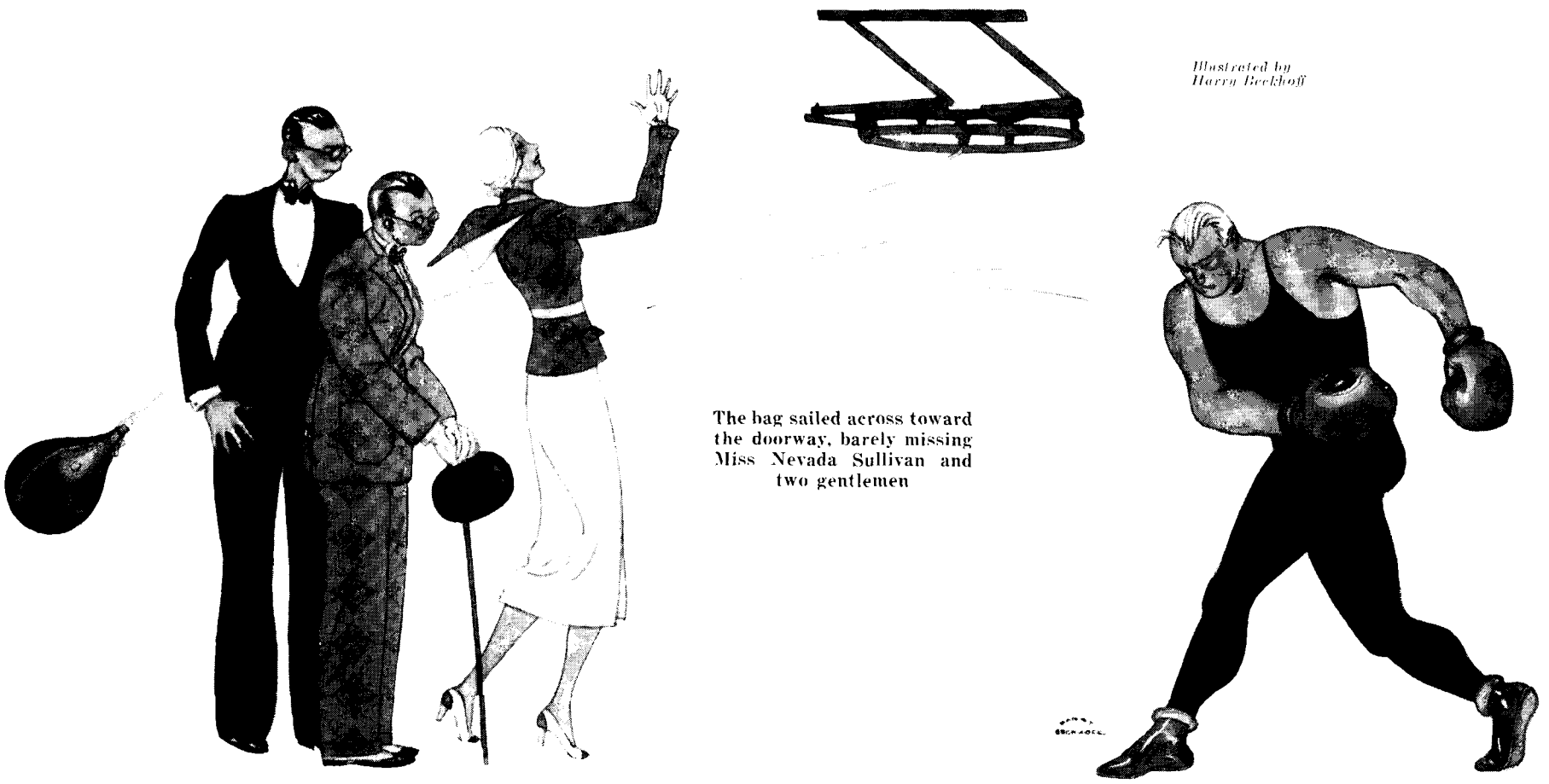
"This is Mr. Pfitz, Professor Winship."

Cecelia's tone conveyed to Winship's ear the impression that the arrival of Mr. Pfitz had failed to please her. It pleased Winship himself, however—pleased him so profoundly that he was able to rise above his prejudice against the author of the Pfitzian heresy. He shook hands with cordial heartiness in which, quite manifestly, Mr. Pfitz did not concur. The scholarly face suggested a pale hostility; the top-heavy head teetered on the spindling neck in what was evidently intended as a nod. It swiveled toward Cecelia.

"Shall we have our walk now, Miss Mellish?"

"Oh." Cecelia appeared to remember the engagement unwillingly. "Won't you—won't you join us, Dr. Winship?"

(Continued on page 32)



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The bag sailed across toward the doorway, barely missing Miss Nevada Sullivan and two gentlemen

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"How about it, Gus—have we time to play 'em a rubber?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

	North S. K-J-10-8-6-2 H. 2 D. A-9-7-4 C. K-2	
West S. 9-7-5-3 H. 6-4 D. 8-6-5-3 C. J-9-7		*East* S. A-Q H. K-Q-10-9-8-7-5 D. None C. Q-10-8-6
	South (Dealer) S. 4 H. A-J-3 D. K-Q-J-10-2 C. A-5-4-3	

THE above hand, published in last week's Collier's, was dealt and played at an Auction Bridge table. It then was switched to a Duplicate Contract game and bid and played there. Even the Auction bidding proved to be of exceptional interest. It was: South one Diamond, West pass, North one Spade, East two Hearts; South two No Trumps, West pass, North three Diamonds, East three Hearts; South four Diamonds, West and North pass, East four Hearts (a flag-flying bid); South double, West pass, and North five Diamonds.

In the Contract game most of the tables bid as follows: South two Diamonds, West pass, North two Spades, East three Hearts; South three No Trumps, West pass and North five Diamonds, which became the contract.

At one table only South went to six Diamonds. At that table North had made a forcing jump-shift, bidding three Spades over South's *two* Diamonds, and on the next round, over South's three No Trumps, bid five Diamonds. South felt that the strength shown by his partner's unnecessary jump-shift (*two* Spades would have required South to bid again if East did not bid) and North's subsequent jump in Diamonds fully justified the slam declaration.

Any jump-shift made over a two-bid by partner is supposed to announce a minimum of three and a half high-card tricks plus usual length; it suggests a slam. The North hand falls half a trick short of the high-card minimum and lacks slam-suggesting qualifications; consequently North's bidding was not warranted and South was misled. South doubtless placed North with the Ace and King at the head of at least six Spades and the Ace of Diamonds with possibly the King of Clubs.

Most of the Declarers were unable to fulfill their five-Diamond contract; those who fell short by one trick played the hand in one of the following ways:

At all tables West's opening lead was a Heart. At some tables South won the first trick and immediately forced North with a Heart; North then led a small trump, and South, winning, forced North with a second Heart, dummy's ruff this time being with the Ace; and then Declarer led three more rounds of trumps to exhaust West. After that South led his Spade and the finesse failed, so Declarer lost four tricks.

At other tables South forced North three times—twice with Hearts and once with Clubs. The first force was with a Heart, then South was put in with the Ace of Clubs for a second Heart force, then North won with the King of Clubs and led a trump to put South in for a Club force. After that dummy had to lead a Spade, East won and led a Heart, so Declarer had to lose a trump, a Club and a Spade.

The one Declarer who bid for a small slam and a few others tried to establish dummy's Spades, and at those tables the hand was played as follows:

After winning the first trick with the Ace of Hearts, South led a Spade and North finessed the Ten, East winning with the Queen. East then led a Club, North won with the King and led the Jack of Spades, East played the Ace and South ruffed with the Ten. South then led the King of Diamonds and, when East discarded a Heart, led the Queen of Diamonds which dummy overtook with the Ace. Next dummy led the Deuce of Spades so as to be sure to make all the Spades in the event of an uneven adverse division, and South ruffed the trick with the Jack of Diamonds, and led the Deuce of Diamonds to capture two Diamond tricks with dummy's Nine-Seven sitting over West's Eight-Six (which showed the advantage of the high ruff on trick 4). Three good Spades then were run and closed hand's Ace of Clubs took the last trick, making a total of twelve tricks.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North S. 10-8-3-2 H. 9-7-6-5-3-2 D. 2 C. A-K	*East* S. Q-5-4 H. K D. 7-5-4 C. Q-7-6-4-3-2
West S. A-K-J-9-7-6 H. A-Q-J-10 D. 9-8-3 C. None	*South (Dealer)* S. None H. 8-4 D. A-K-Q-J-10-6 C. J-10-9-8-5

The Big Pink

Continued from page 29

The scholarly dismay registered in the countenance of Mr. Pfitz tempted Winship to accept the invitation. He shook his head, however, with a workmanlike imitation of regret.

"I'm sorry to say that I cannot. I'm waiting for Mr. and Mrs. Bedloe."

Reluctantly Cecelia submitted to the guidance of Mr. Pfitz's frail, possessive hand. As they descended the porch steps together Winship found it possible to breathe more freely.

Swiftly he moved past the corner of the building and, hastening across the lawn, gained the cover of the woods. He continued, even when thus protected from discovery and pursuit, to hurry. It was high time, he felt, that he returned to his duties as guide, counselor and friend to Eddie Jewett.

"HIM an arch-crim'nal? Lissen! I searched his room this morning while he was in swimming and all the jack he's got is a coupla grand and some chicken feed! Two G's! Why, it wooden be cig'rette money for a Big Shot in any racket."

Miss Vitty spoke with disingenuous assurance. Her sympathies, shaken by last night's reading, had swung back to their original allegiance on the discovery of Winship's pathetic poverty. She knew, of course, from the affair of the stair cupboard, that he was a man without the law, but he could not be one of those emperors of the underworld of whom Trooper Dill had spoken. She saw him now as a romantic figure, practically penniless, struggling to find a foothold in some one of the chivalrous forms of illegality, perhaps beginning humbly as a mere rum-runner. Her words, therefore, were intended cunningly to mislead rather than to enlighten Trooper Dill.

Out of his greater knowledge, however, he wagged a wise, dissenting head.

"This only proves what I been thinking right along. We're up against wunna the really great crim'nal minds of the time, Nellie."

"Huh," Nellie said. "With a coupla G's for a bankroll!"

The trooper nodded.

"Yeah. And that's juss what ought to show you that he's got crim'nal intelligence of no mean order."

The phrase fell impressively on Nellie's ear. The statement had the ring of authenticity.

"Howdja mean?" she inquired. "It don't make sense to me. If he's wunna these arch-crim'nals why wooden he carry real jack, instead of juss a coupla G's?"

"Aha! That's where the psychol'gy comes in. If he was juss a comm'nplace crim'nal he'd prob'ly have a good-size roll on him, but he ain't. We're up against a supercrook, Nellie, that's got superbrains. He's disguised, ain't he?"

"Yeah, but—"

"And what's he disguised *as*?"

Nellie's eyes widened.

"An ord'nary crook'd dress up like a p'fessor and let it go at that, but not this baby! When he starts out to disguise himself he goes all the way." He lowered his voice to a tense whisper. "*He don't even take a chance on carrying more money than a p'fessor'd carry!*"

Under the force of this grim logic Nellie's sympathies began to waver. She saw, now, that like Operative C-76 she might be playing a game of life and death. Under the sobering influence of this reflection she moved a little nearer to the reassuring massiveness of Trooper Dill. . . .

The blending smells of the training quarters had ceased to offend Winship; he was resigned, also, to the tedious business of changing his costume; he had even accustomed himself to the highly unprofessional attitude of receiving information instead of imparting it.

As he fastened the lace of Signor Primavera's boxing shoe he gave submissive ear to Mr. Dan McGurk.

"I'm gonna say this good and slow so you can get it," McGurk announced. "Today you gotta show a wallop, see? I got parties comin' to catch a eyeful of this workout and if you look good in there we're sittin' pretty."

Winship made the response that was his appointed part in the ritual:

"Uh-huh."

"I'd tell Split-tooth to do a dive, only it wouldn't go over on these parties, see? They're wise. You gotta perduce the real McCoy. You don't have to show 'em no sci'nce—just one good haymaker that'll send Split-tooth to the cleaners."

Winship's interest quickened slightly. The phrase had meaning for him, now, and the prospect it suggested kindled in him a craving he recognized as almost sadistic.

"Stannup," McGurk commanded, "an' lemme try an' learn you."

Hopefully Winship obeyed. The technicalities, however, with which Mr. McGurk endeavored to enlighten him carried no message whatever to his mind.

"If you could employ words with which I am familiar," he interrupted, "I might be able to profit by your instructions."

"There I go again!" McGurk clicked tongue and cheek apologetically. "I keep forgetting you're too big to have brains. That's right, Pink. Any time I get compelcated, you tip me off and I'll simpelfy it for you."

He drew a deep breath.

"Look. You see this thing on the end of your arm? That's a hand, see? So far all you been using it for is to try and keep Split-tooth from hitting you. The big idea now is to use it for hitting him, see? Only you gotta sort of squeeze it shut, first, or it won't do him no good if it gets to him. Is that too compelcated for you, Pink?"

Winship's headshake indicated that it was not.

"Kayo. Now try and suppose I'm Split-tooth and I come at you this way." Winship found this easy to suppose. McGurk approached him in a posture almost identical with that employed by Ganley.

"See how wide open I am? All you gotta do is this."

McGURK illustrated patiently, in the fashion of slow-motion pictures. Winship's interest kindled. He endeavored to imitate the series of movements, and, rather to his astonishment, discovered that this was quite easy.

"Not so bad," McGurk admitted. "Only quit tryin' to do it with your head, see, and leave your hands hannle 'emselves. It's your bean that's dumb; your muscles ain't."

Accepting the affront meekly, Winship made further experiment. Again to his astonishment he discovered that McGurk was right. Unguided muscles moved certainly and smoothly; McGurk stumbled backward, nursing his chin.

"What's the idea?" he snarled. "You been holding out on me, all this while? If you got an uppercut like that, slip it to Split-tooth. I don't care if you knock *his* head off and it won't make no difference to him neither."

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To his own bewilderment Winship heard himself applauding this crude witticism with a chuckle. Once more he went through the series of motions; there was a distinctly audible swishing noise as his right hand swept upward, a sound remarkably soothing to the ear.

"I had a hunch you were holding out on me," McGurk said darkly. "Come on."

Under his harsh instruction Winship went through the routine of exercises to which usage had already begun to reconcile him. He skipped rope, he shadow-boxed, he even attacked the punching bag with some degree of confidence and success; for short intervals he was able to extract from its vibrations the rhythmic chatter that it gave forth for other members of the training stable. Thrice, however, its rebound caught him unprepared. On the third occasion he lost his temper. His right hand lashed out and the bag, trailing a short fragment of the broken rope, sailed across toward the doorway, barely missing Miss Nevada Sullivan and two gentlemen who were escorting her.

Her hand rose and moved in amiable salute; her voice greeted Winship almost affectionately:

"Hello, Pink."

He found that he was glad to see her; he could feel himself grinning back at her. Beside her, inattentively, he observed a small, neat, dark man who surveyed him through shining shell-rimmed glasses, and behind her, wearing evening dress and a facial expression in which anxiety was blended with dogged defiance, stood Arthur Maybury.

Miss Sullivan moved forward gayly.

"We just dropped in to catch an eyeful of your workout, Pink. Shake hands with Irv Solomon, my manager."

Winship complied inattentively, his mind still slightly dazed by the mystery of Mr. Maybury's presence and costume. He observed, however, with the fringe of his attention, the obsequious good will with which McGurk greeted the visitors. It occurred to him that Miss Sullivan and her manager were the parties of whom McGurk had spoken, but he was still too preoccupied with the puzzle of Arthur Maybury to give the matter thought.

At McGurk's bidding Ganley slid between the ropes, revealing his broken teeth in a grin of wide malevolence. Nevada, bearing down on Winship's arm, compelled him to incline an ear to her whisper.

"Do me a favor, Pink?"

"If I can." He felt kindly disposed toward this young woman.

"Irv Solomon thinks you're just a palooka. I know better. Show him for me, will you?"

WINSHIP'S eye twisted toward Mr. Ganley. Grimly he nodded. His hands were bandaged; gloves were laced over them; he slid resolutely, almost gladly, between the ropes.

For the first time in his life, as Ganley launched himself tigerishly at him, Winship welcomed an assault. He was aware of a queer desire to laugh, almost, indeed, to sing.

Lightly, easily, he danced away, blocking, ducking, finding for once an actual pleasure in the process. It was fun; there was no sense of danger, no fear of pain or injury. He risked a side glance to be sure that Nevada Sullivan observed the ease with which he thwarted Ganley's malice.

Plock!

Winship heard the blow before he felt it. Indeed, speaking strictly, he did not feel it at all; his spirit, rather than his body, suffered. Just in time he remembered not to employ his right hand in retaliation; he retreated, receiving on gloves and warding arms the rataplan of Ganley's thudding fists. Then, triumphantly, his eye observed the wide-openness on Ganley's part for which it had been waiting.

Winship's left hand, moving without orders from his guiding intelligence, struck joyously upon a midriff, making precisely enough room for the uprising of his right, with the full power of arm and back and thigh behind it.

Mr. Ganley's head, in very much the manner of the punching bag, sailed up and back, across the ring. Dimly, to Winship's displeasure, Mr. Ganley's large, lumpy body accompanied it. There was a delightful booming note from the canvassed floor.

Fish-eyed, Mr. Ganley looked up. Something in the blank, glazed goggle of that gaze inspired Winship. He bent, hand on hip, to a padded post and spoke into an imaginary telephone:

"Hello. Give me, if you please, the glue factory. . . ."

UPROAR enveloped him. His ears were filled with the high, keen, savage cry of primal women swarming down with their flint skinning-knives upon a fallen mammoth. This sound proceeded, he discovered, from Beechy and Nevada, clinging together and dancing up and down. Young Mr. Jewett's face, incredulous, was still transfigured with raptured joy; so, too, was the more amazed countenance of Arthur Maybury.

For a moment the sound was music in Winship's brain, but only for a moment. The truth came home to him. Here, for the first time in his life, he heard the whole-hearted applause of fellow-beings. And he had earned it—how?

Bitterness flooded in upon him, bitterness and shame. Paying no heed to the clamor, he crossed the ring and helped his late antagonist to rise.

Mr. Ganley showed no rancor. He spoke, indeed, with warm good will, referring to Winship's wallop as a sweetheart. He accepted Winship's assisting arm as they departed to the dressing-rooms, and here, while Winship submitted to the ministrations of the colored gentleman, continued his encomiums as to the wallop.

In embittered silence Winship received these compliments as he bathed and dressed. Returning to the scene of his lapse into savagery, he scowled at the gladness with which Eddie and Beechy hailed him; he glowered sullenly at Arthur Maybury's admiring stare; he even succeeded in frowning at Nevada Sullivan, who withdrew from earnest conference with Solomon and McGurk to come dancing toward him.

"I knew you were a honey," Nevada said. She lifted her hands and laid hold of Winship's ears. Tugging smartly, she compelled him to incline his head. Still holding tightly to his ears and using these as steering implements, she swiveled his head and kissed him emphatically on both cheeks.

"You got everything, Pink—everything."

"Everything but brains," McGurk interpolated. "Lay off, Nevada, or you'll kid the big lollop into thinkin' he can think. Listen, Pink—just because you landed a lucky punch, don't go getting no notion you're Queen of the May."

Winship paid no heed. Bitterness still flooded his spirit. Lifting his head, as Nevada released his ears, he was dimly comforted by the glare with which young Mr. Maybury now contemplated him, a black, detesting gaze of hate; here, Winship thought, was the only person present who saw him as he deserved to be seen. He found himself approving glumly of young Maybury.

"Take good care of yourself," Nevada chanted, moving toward her car. "You belong to me!"

Winship had heard the song and did not interpret the words as literally intended, but they gave him, nevertheless, a qualm of panic. Arthur Maybury darted at him a look of extraordinary malice and made haste to open the door of the car for Nevada; he would have followed her but she prevented this.

"Eddie'll take you home, precious."

"But I—"

"Listen, sweetheart—" the epithet rekindled the lamps behind Arthur's countenance—"I'm a night-club hostess, not a débutante—I got a reputation to consider. How'll it look if I bring you home in your party clothes at half-past nine in the A. M.?"

Arthur bowed penitently.

"I'm sorry," he said. Reverently he closed the door. In the attitude of a devout Mussulman gazing toward Mecca he stood watching the car's departure. Then, sighing deeply, he suffered himself to be led to the rumble seat of Eddie Jewett's runabout. Winship, climbing in at Beechy's side, found her gaze fixed upon his face with a puzzling intensity. Eddie, leaning forward to speak past her, grinned.

"Look, Doc, you got li—" He paused and bent on Beechy a glance of injury and anger. "Say, was that your elbow you jabbed me with, Clumsy, or a darning-needle?"

"I'm sorry," Beechy said. "Let's go, Eddie. I'm simply dead! There's something about a kayo that—that does things to me."

"You said it." Eddie brightened. "What a surprise package the Doc turned out to be! Too bad nobody had a movie camera handy!" He chuckled. "And when Nevada grabbed his ears and handed him the Croy de Guerre stuff—" he leaned forward. "Look, Doc—you got li—oo-oof!"

Beechy's arm had moved again. Eddie regarded her sternly.

"That's twice in the same spot. Once more and you ride in the rumble!"

"I wouldn't be so restless," Beechy explained, "if you didn't keep *talking* all the time."

IT SEEMED to Winship that a brief ocular conference took place between his young companions, but he could not be sure of this. Conversation, at all events, languished until, having halted to deposit Mr. Maybury at the service driveway of the Mellish cottage, they arrived at Miss Borden's door.

Here Beechy became urgently hospitable, insisting that Winship alight and enter to wait while she changed into swimming costume. Winship felt a pale reflowering of hope. Perhaps if he could have a few moments alone with Wilhelmina he might contrive to make her understand, forgive; might—

His mental processes, as usual, were arrested by the sight of her. Never had she seemed so lovely, so utterly unattainable; never had she looked upon him with less esteem. Her gaze was like a cool wind against his cheek.

"Amuse Beekie for me, Aunt Minnie." Beechy was on the stairs. "I'll be down in five minutes."

Miss Borden's eyes cooled to a new low level.

"I'm sorry I can't stop, Doctor Winship." Her voice was even cooler than her eyes. "You'll have to amuse yourself, I'm afraid."

She moved on for a few queenly steps. Then, pausing, she turned.

"Perhaps it might amuse you to look in the glass," she said. "You'll find one in the hall."

She was gone.

Mystified, wounded, Winship acted upon her cryptic suggestion. The glass gave him back the frozen horror with which he looked upon his imaged face, a face that bore upon each cheek the cupid's-bow imprint, richly purple, of Nevada's lips.

(To be continued next week)

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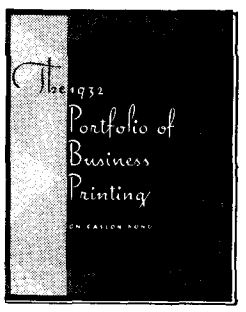

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Cactus Jack

Continued from page 12

the finger tips only and saluted with reverence. It was so treated by every member of the Ways and Means Committee except the red-faced native of Red River County, Texas.

He read the hallowed bill and emitted a characteristic bellow. To him it was nothing more nor less than another effort on the part of the predatory rich to put one over on the common people, and hence he would have none of it. He said so—vociferously—and, leaving the committee-room with its atmosphere still crackling, he went to his own office and worked all night. When he reappeared in the committee-room in the morning, slightly tired, perhaps, but still in excellent fighting trim, he brought with him a tax schedule of his own which, in principle, was just about the exact reverse of the one proposed by Secretary Mellon.

Briefly, what Mr. Garner's schedule indicated to the committee was that, while a man who enjoyed an income of $200,000 a year would under the Mellon plan have his taxes reduced from $86,640 to $52,740, or a little more than thirty-nine per cent, a comparatively poor man with an income of $5,000 a year would receive a cut of only twenty-five per cent.

Just why the wealthy should thus be favored to the tune of fourteen per cent was what Mr. Garner of Texas said he couldn't understand and so he announced that he was going to fight it out for his schedule if it took all winter.

Mr. Mills Is Embarrassed

It did take all winter and it was a gorgeous battle in which the entire strength of a prosperous administration was marshaled against a lone Texan. And he won a complete victory.

It was the Garner schedule, then, that was adopted, more nearly than the Mellon one.

Again, in 1927, what he did to a proposed bond issue which the Treasury Department wanted to float is almost comical. The bill authorizing this bond issue, which was intended to provide funds to reimburse certain American corporations for losses sustained by them due to confiscation of properties owned in Germany during the war, was introduced by Ogden L. Mills, now Undersecretary of the Treasury but then a member of the House of Representatives. Mr. Mills argued eloquently in favor of his measure and was met with no opposition until Mr. Garner of Texas arose and, in a rather sarcastic vein and his usual high-pitched voice, suggested that, as Mr. Mills was the owner of stock in some of the corporations which would benefit by the bond issue, it was in very poor taste, if nothing else, for him to urge it.

The interesting thing to note here is that until Mr. Garner told him about it, Mr. Mills, whose stock ownerships are probably quite extensive, didn't know that he owned any of the stock referred to. He was entirely innocent of any ulterior motive but, when he looked into the matter and found that the Texan was right, that settled it; the measure was entirely killed. Its untimely death was duly regretted in the Treasury Department, while from that day to this, and as a continual source of irritation to Mr. Mellon, Mr. Garner has constantly contested the right of the Internal Revenue branch of the Treasury Department to review its own findings and make its own refunds.

Consequently—and at this very session of Congress this may develop into another test of strength between the man from Texas and the man from Pittsburgh—it is not unlikely that a bill will be introduced transferring the power of review from the Secretary of the Treasury to the courts, while along with it there may be a resolution, inspired by Mr. Garner himself, adopted by the House, calling for an investigation of all of the operations of the Internal Revenue Department.

Official Curiosity

Taking into consideration, then, the several elements above referred to: Mr. Garner's personal views on taxation, his decided disapproval of the Republican methods of handling the national finances and his accession to power, what is likely to happen to the administration's plan for an increase in taxes? That, precisely, is what the administration itself, which would far rather have Mr. Mellon write the schedules than have Mr. Garner do it, would apparently like to find out.

On the very day that Mr. Garner arrived in Washington, three weeks in advance of the opening of Congress, he was honored by a call from Mr. Hoover's legislative secretary; the next day the two most prominent Republican members of the House, Mr. Snell of New York and Mr. Tilson of Connecticut, dropped in to see him, while on the third day Senator Jim Watson, administration leader in the Senate, came hurriedly and directly from a two-hour conference with the President to a much briefer one with the man from Texas.

"Oh, we have lots of time for the opera!" *Albert Marucci*

Then I happened to drop in and the first thing Mr. Garner said to me was: "Well, it looks as if we were sure to have a little tax legislation."

"So I understand," I replied. "The announcement that the President favors a raise has just come from the White House."

"So has Jim Watson," said Mr. Garner. "Straight from there to here, where he has been talking to me and trying to find out where I stand in the matter of an increase."

"What did you tell him?"

"I can't repeat that."

"But," I insisted, "you have a tax policy, haven't you, and some kind of a program mapped out?"

"No, no program at all," he said. "It's too soon for that; we'll have to look at their hand before we show our own, but of course I have got a tax policy. It's the same old one. I haven't changed it and if you're interested you can look it up."

I was interested; I did look up Mr. Garner's tax policy and, unless he changes his mind considerably, which would be a most amazing thing for him to do, it will be fairly safe to prophesy that if he has anything to do with making the new schedules—and he will probably have a great deal—we can look for much heavier increases in the higher than in the lower income brackets, for much more drastic charges against estates than heretofore, for a sales tax on such non-essentials as perfumes, tobacco, etc., and possibly for an entirely new tax levied against the undistributed surplus funds of corporations.

But from none of the above, which merely represents Mr. Garner as viewing things differently from the administration, is it to be inferred that in his new leadership he intends to place himself as an obstructionist in the way of any beneficial legislation the Hoover administration may propose. In that connection he said most emphatically to me:

"I astonished 'em once here in Washington by stating that I was for the welfare of the country first and that of the Democratic party second. They didn't think I was like that. But I am. I'm still that way, and it's somewhat like accusing a man of treason to say of him, in times like these, that he would try to block any constructive measure simply because it came from the other side of the political fence."

Texas is Satisfied

What is Mr. Garner's attitude toward indirect opposition through the introduction of Democratic legislation that might block constructive movement? I wanted to know and so I asked him, for example, what he would do if the political soothsayers and prophets of his own party should happen to determine that it would be quite embarrassing to the Republicans, and a vote-getting move on their own part, to take up a new tariff bill.

"I would oppose any such action," said Mr. Garner emphatically. "Of course the present tariff is outrageous, but as it took fourteen months to frame it and as we couldn't hope to do a satisfactory job of revision in six, the best thing we can do is to let it alone at this present session and attend to the more vital and pressing needs of the nation. Naturally," he went on, "I know that the Democrats might be able to derive some political advantage from bringing on a tariff battle; but, as I see it, politics is now a secondary consideration."

Mr. Garner is one hundred per cent sincere in the above statement. There is no reason why he shouldn't be. He is secure in his position. The people of his district have demonstrated that they are willing to send him back to Congress as their representative as often as he wants them to, and I am informed, I think reliably, that the Democrats of all Texas are so proud of him that they intend to muddy up the water of the coming national party convention by presenting him as their choice for the Presidential nomination.

Having arrived, then, at this state of political security without ever having been politically subservient or ingratiating, it would be just a little late now for Mr. Garner to start out on such a devious course. Thus it would seem that Mr. Hoover and the supporters of his administration need have no fear that Mr. Garner will interfere or, if he can prevent it, allow any of his Democratic colleagues to interfere with anything that they propose to do which will react to the benefit of the nation.

Hoover vs. Garner

But neither if he can help it—and he thinks he can—is he going to let the Republicans in these distressing times which, according to him, they have brought upon the country, get away with the credit for relieving that distress when such credit might just as well go to the Democrats? In connection with that phase of his leadership, he said:

"It is not inconceivable, of course, that when the President offers a recommendation that will accomplish a given beneficial result, such as the encouragement of business, for example, we Democrats may have a scheme of our own for bringing about exactly that same result, in which case, obviously, we will do all we can to substitute our process for Mr. Hoover's."

Thus Mr. Garner, leader of the Democrats, flings a challenge and lays down a gage of battle. Having more faith in the ability of his own party than in that of the opposition, he does it very frankly and, as I read it over again, the thought comes to me that there is something almost prophetic in the inscription beneath a photograph of the President which hangs in Mr. Garner's office.

With his own hand Mr. Hoover wrote on that picture: "To my good friend, John Garner of Texas. May he be successful in all things—except politics." Naturally that exception, in view of the controversies that are likely to arise between the two men, is of vastly more importance to Mr. Hoover than it is to Mr. Garner. For the latter to have his measures blocked or defeated by the White House would have practically no bearing at all on his future political career. He would be just another congressman who has had to yield to the pressure of an administration already in the saddle, but if the reverse should be the case, if the man from the cactus flats of Uvalde County, Texas, can substitute his plans or those of his party for the plans of the President, it would be altogether another story.

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Light of Atlantis

Continued from page 8

been sailors. My mother died when I was very young, and my grandmother reared me.

"She was a very wise woman. She came from the mountain district, far away from here in the middle of the island. And she used to tell me stories about the Caves of the Sun—so she always called them—between the sea and the end of the mountains. Before she died, she sent for me, and gave me a metal box much worn by time. There was magic in it, she said, that should bring me good fortune. She said I might safely have it, because I was a son of the Sun—that was what she said, sir: a son of the Sun. . . ."

"And what did this box contain?" Forder asked.

"That piece of writing, sir." Pedro pointed to the framed parchment. "Nothing else at all. Senhor Maclean heard—I don't know how—what I had, and came to me where I live."

He ceased speaking, looking from face to face; and Guy Forder's sunken eyes narrowed curiously. He shot one of his quick glances at Maclean.

"Have you got this box?" he asked.

Maclean nodded and smiled.

"Yes. I kept it as a sort of final argument!"

From the pocket of his well-worn tweed coat Maclean pulled out a battered little casket, entirely without ornament and of a dull brown color. It was rectangular, and the lid was not hinged, but was designed to fit into the box in the manner of the lid of a kettle. So badly damaged was the casket, however, that it was no longer possible to close it. Maclean laid box and lid upon the cane table; and:

"What d'you think it's made of?" he asked.

Forder took it up, staring at it closely. He scratched the surface with a finger nail and rapped the box with his knuckles. Then he suddenly looked up. His wife was watching him closely.

"Am I right, Maclean?" he asked.

"Quite right. It's virgin gold!"

"I HAD to have a word with you alone, Jack," said Betty Forder.

Her voice trembled nervously. Even in that remote corner of the gardens strains from the hotel orchestra reached their ears.

"If there's anything I can do, Betty, just say the word. It's as plain as a pikestaff that you're not happy."

"Oh, it isn't that. I didn't ask you to meet me here to talk about myself. It's this business of tomorrow that scares me."

"Scares you!"

"Yes. You must have noticed that Guy refers to me in a sort of way that —well!—he rather suggests, I mean, that if I hadn't been with him in Brazil, he might not have had to turn back. . . ."

"I know what you mean; I noticed it."

"Really, I shouldn't talk about it, I suppose. But I want to try to make you understand why I'm frightened. I can't leave him, Jack. He drinks, heavily. He never gets drunk; it doesn't show in any way; except that he gets—" she hesitated—"dangerous. He's been drinking steadily on the voyage, and there's a streak in his nature which I never even suspected. A terrible *greed!* I don't know if you noticed his expression when he was handling that little box?"

Maclean nodded in the darkness.

"I did."

"Well, the bad streak comes to the top at such times. I mean, if you've really fathomed that strange writing, Jack, and there's treasure of some kind hidden there in the mountains—I wouldn't trust Guy! Truly. He's my husband, and I suppose it's treacherous of me to say so. But we've known one another since we were kids—and I *do* say so."

"Darling little Betty!" Maclean murmured.

And the sudden tenderness in his voice was such that the girl, for she was no more, stood up swiftly and turned towards the hotel.

"But, Betty!" he said, following her. "I've let him into it now. What can I do?"

"Nothing!" she answered dully. "I'll go back. Join us in the lounge in about five minutes."

Jack Maclean stood in the little palm grove, watching a slim figure passing from moonlight into shadow, up the sloping path. He wondered why his heart was beating so rapidly. . . .

THE first stage of the journey was made by car; the second, upon mountain ponies. Some of the roads were merely narrow ledges winding around gloomy volcanic cliffs, where a false step must have hurled the rider into eternity.

They spent the first night at the mountain farm where Pedro's grandmother had been born—she from whom he had received the casket. A member of the family still lived there and made the party welcome. Their quarters were not luxurious, but they were clean, and as they had brought extra stores a passable dinner was managed.

Maclean and Forder smoked a final pipe on the little veranda. The stillness was extraordinary. Suddenly Forder spoke.

"Have you noticed anything wrong with Betty?" he asked abruptly. "She strikes me as being—dissatisfied, unhappy."

His husky voice did not betray him, but even in the darkness of the veranda Jack Maclean could detect the gleam of those sunken, cold eyes, watching him. He laughed uneasily.

"She is perhaps feeling the strain of the adventurous life," he said, trying to speak lightly. "I mean, it's probably sounded more alluring than it has proved to be in practice."

"H'm!" Forder muttered and poured out another drink. "Have a final, Maclean?"

"No, thanks. I'm all for turning in."

"Same here. But before we go—let's get the job clear. This fellow Ben Rabes —sounds Moorish—practically owns the property, I understand, under which these caves are located?"

"That's so."

"Is he related in any way to Pedro?"

"No. But he belongs to the same race."

"H'm—quite. What arrangement have you come to with Ben Rabes?"

"No arrangement. At the request of Pedro, he has allowed me to do some preliminary digging—that's all."

"I know. But what I'm getting at is this, Maclean: suppose you're right—where do we stand?"

"Where do we stand?" Maclean echoed excitedly. "We stand at one bound neck and shoulders above any archæologist in Europe or America. It may take time, and it may cost money. But think of unearthing even *one* Atlantean inscription!"

"Yes—it's an attractive prospect. But we shall have spent time and

(Continued on page 38)

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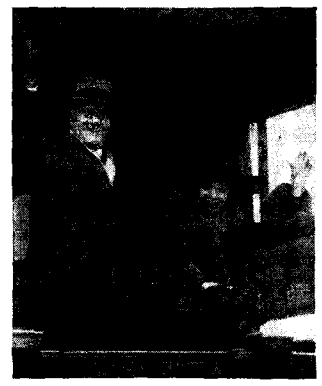

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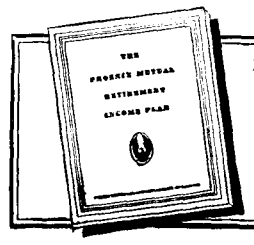

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(Continued from page 37)

money, as you say—for whose benefit? Ben Rabes and the Portuguese government. Isn't that so?"

"Well!" Maclean laughed shortly. "I'm so infernally keen on the thing that I hadn't even stopped to think about that!"

"It's the practical side, isn't it? Shouldn't we be wise to make a bargain with Ben Rabes and Pedro, and get away with our cut of whatever we may find before notifying the local authorities? What the devil have *they* done in the matter, that they should profit by our enterprise?"

There was a pause, and then:

"No," said Maclean quietly. "Your argument is logical enough—if somewhat piratical."

"Piratical be damned!" Forder growled. "If this means money and time—I want to know where we stand. . . ."

THE third stage of the journey was the worst. They were carried in hammocks slung on poles along mere goat tracks penciled across brows of frowning cliffs.

When at last the journey neared its end and a faint, hot breeze told that those slopes below faced the African coast, Maclean heaved a sigh of relief. Half an hour later, they came to the *quinta* of Ben Rabes. A door in a high plaster wall, heavy and studded with iron nails, was opened, showing a tree-lined path and, beyond, the low, white house, its walls overgrown with shining flowers.

Ben Rabes stood in the open doorway to greet them, a fine figure of a man wearing riding kit. The curious streaks in his luxuriant hair were barely perceptible, by reason of the fact that he was iron gray. He wore a short mustache and a little stub of beard beneath his lower lip.

A motherly Portuguese housekeeper took charge of Betty Forder, whilst Ben Rabes placed himself and his house at the disposal of the visitors. In parts, the *quinta* was of great age, and badly in need of repair.

"You see," said the host, smiling rather sadly, "once this house stood in the midst of the largest cochineal plantation in Madeira." He shrugged his shoulders. "All that is finished. But our grapes are good—and we are proud of our wine."

He raised a glass in salute, and all stood up as Betty returned. Forder was covertly watching Ben Rabes. He was evidently puzzled. And Maclean understood why. The proposal of which Forder had spoken overnight was one not easy to put before this dignified and polished gentleman.

More and more Maclean regretted that he had taken Forder into his confidence. Financial assistance was indispensable, admittedly; and the man's experience could not fail to be valuable. Yet, he might have sought elsewhere. . . . He found himself watching Betty's delicate profile. Yes, he might as well be honest with himself. It was to be with her that he had done it. . . .

Horses were placed at their disposal, later in the afternoon. Betty had pleaded a headache and retired to rest; therefore Forder and Maclean set off with Pedro. They pressed into the mountains, the surroundings growing more and more austere. At last, a turn in the track brought them in view of their goal.

In a sort of bay in the mountain-side a garden appeared, and in it was set a dull white bungalow.

"This used to be the summer quarters of the cochineal growers," Maclean explained, "in more prosperous times."

When they dismounted and Pedro unbarred the wooden gate they saw that the garden had become a mere wilderness. But it was cool under the trees, and the shelter welcome.

The bungalow had been built around a little courtyard in which a fig tree grew. At the back this courtyard opened upon a slope of the inland bay, once cultivated in terraces for a great distance up, but now mere jungle hemmed in by masses of black, volcanic rock, which seemed at some time to have tumbled from the distant crest, jagged and forbidding against a hot blue sky. Mounds of rubble formed a rampart about a rough wooden hut.

"I've had several shots to reach the top," said Maclean, pointing. "But it's unscalable without gear. It's a natural pyramid and farther up offers no foothold whatever."

"Why bother?" Forder asked, staring at this strangely desolate scene.

"Because very queer reflections come from somewhere near the summit. I've seen them, myself."

"Some mineral upcrop?"

"Very possibly. But I'm not satisfied. However—I must explain, Forder, that the only entrance to the caves hitherto known is quite near the house of Ben Rabes. I started there, as a matter of fact, but was unable to penetrate more than a hundred yards or so. Working on the old map, I came to the conclusion that there was another entrance here, and a little preliminary digging showed that I was right."

His eyes sparkled with excitement: the enthusiasm of his trade was upon him again.

"It's odd that this bungalow should have been built upon the very spot but, as you know, we often find modern dwellings on the foundations of older ones. In the present case, I believe that this hollow in the mountain side was at one time the site of a shrine guarding the entrance to the caves. Unlock the door, Pedro."

Pedro unbarred the door of the hut, into which a little light penetrated through one high window.

"Be careful, sir," he warned, as Forder entered. "There is a pit and stairs."

FORDER made no reply but his deep-set eyes were gleaming. They had come provided with flashlights, and now they descended to the bottom of a roughly hewn pit, perhaps fifteen feet in depth.

"Look!" said Maclean, triumphantly.

There was a short, low tunnel on one side, shored up with timbers, and from it in a westerly direction a flight of crumbling stone steps descended!

"That enormous block of stone in the corner," said Maclean, pointing, "had to be shifted. It was a devil of a job. . . . Duck your head, here. This tunnel is partly natural and partly artificial. It slopes upward to some unknown entrance and downward for a tremendous distance. But the air is quite good."

On they went, and down—to stand at last in a circular chamber, its roof so lofty that the light of their flashlights failed to reach it.

Immediately before them appeared a recess, the top not arched, but pointed, some twelve feet in height and four feet wide and deep. Although apparently cut into the rock, it was framed about with stones, pointed, and irregular.

"Sun rays!" said Forder hoarsely.

"Obviously," Maclean agreed, his voice echoing uncannily around that strange, ancient crypt.

Forder advanced.

"Note the holes in the facing stones," Maclean directed. "At some time plates of metal have been riveted over them. And here—" he dropped the ray of his light—"a fragment remains of one which was broken in some way when the place was dismantled."

Forder dropped to his knees in the dust, peering at three inches of jagged metal. He looked up over his shoulder.

"Gold!" he whispered. "Gold!"

"I know," said Maclean, in a low, excited voice. "And I remembered your description, in the paper you read before the Royal Society five years ago, of the Mayapan temple in Yucatan. This isn't the temple itself. . . ."

"No!" Forder interrupted. "It's the antechamber. There's some way through this recess. The altar is beyond."

He spoke rapidly, his voice more hoarse than usual.

"Well, if you're game, we'll start tomorrow to dig a way through. I think we could use at least six men."

"Six men?" Forder murmured. "Quite! Yet *one* might do it. . . ."

GUY FORDER was very silent after dinner. It was a delightful if an unusual dinner. But in the course of conversation later, the views of Ben Rabes respecting the Sun temple were so unmistakably, yet so courteously, expressed that any proposition which Forder may have contemplated never came to light.

This household retired early. Maclean talked long and earnestly with Pedro upon the veranda and when Pedro left him still felt too restless for sleep. There was no question of locking up at the House of the Caves; and, walking along a path through the garden, Maclean found himself staring at a lighted window. It was that of the room occupied by Major Forder; otherwise, the *quinta* was in darkness. Then—he detected faint footsteps, following him.

He turned.

Betty Forder, a coat thrown over her nightgown, appeared, a distracted but distracting figure in the moon-patched path.

"Betty!"

"Hush, Jack! Don't speak so loudly. Listen—listen. Guy is drinking, up there in his room."

She clung to him, and he trembled, clenching his teeth. If he had ever doubted, he knew—now that it was utterly impossible—that there was no woman in all the world so desirable as Guy Forder's wife. . . .

"I don't trust him, Jack," she whispered. "Oh, my God! I hate myself—but I don't trust him. Sometimes he's a madman, a cold, dangerous, madman."

"But, do you mean you're afraid of . . ."

"No, it isn't that. I don't know what I'm afraid of. But—" she drew back; he had his arm around her shoulders—"take care of yourself, Jack!"

She was very near to tears. Turning abruptly, coat held about her, she ran back.

Jack Maclean clenched his teeth, watching the flying figure until it was lost to view. Then, he stared up again at the lighted window. When at last he turned in, Forder's lamp was still burning.

WHAT was that?

The night was utterly still, and Maclean, who had never closed his eyes, sprang up and ran to the open window, craning out cautiously. He had heard a door opening.

Now, watching, but himself invisible, he saw the figure of Guy Forder—seeking shadow, but sometimes appearing in moonlight—making for the gate! The dipsomaniac was setting out for the excavation!

Maclean's first instinct was to overtake him. Curiosity overcame it. Forder might be a madman, but he was a cool, calculating madman. What was his aim?

Maclean dressed quickly; then, in rubber-soled shoes and knowing the route intimately, he followed. . . .

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Dawn had penciled a craggy, forbidding outline above the inland bay as Maclean cautiously approached the gate of the bungalow. From the shadow of a cactus hedge he watched Forder scale the gate; and when a thud followed by crunching footsteps told him that he was over, he advanced in turn.

He had brought the keys. He entered quietly. Then, creeping around the flank of the bungalow, he watched.

Forder had set a packing-case under the one window of the hut. Standing upon it, he smashed a pane of glass, broke the catch and scrambled through. Maclean waited until the light of Forder's flashlight became invisible.

IT WAS dawn. Soon, the first spear of the rising sun would be cast upon the ridge above. Silently he unlocked the door of the hut and entered. He stood still, listening.

Forder was down in the tunnel. . . .

But Maclean continued to stand still and to listen. Imagination, perhaps, but he thought he had heard distant hoofs. . . .

The sound was not repeated, and he turned, following the intruder. That dim, moving light receded and receded, until, crouching in the low passage, he could watch the man in the vaulted chamber. He saw that he carried a short steel bar, an instrument known to the police as a jimmy; it must have been among his baggage.

Flashlight set upon a ledge where its ray was directed upon the back of the recess, Forder began to sound apparently solid wall. Suddenly he laughed—a short, hoarse laugh—and, taking up the steel instrument, worked with it feverishly.

As he watched, Maclean recalled his words: "Six men . . . but *one* might do it."

And one *did* do it!

A sustained rumbling vibrated throughout the vault . . . and where there had been rock a cavity appeared!

Uttering a long hiss of triumph, Forder stooped, grasped his flashlight and disappeared into the gap. Maclean, literally holding his breath, crept forward. And, peering in, he saw something which perhaps no human eye had looked upon since the Deluge overwhelmed the world; something which made him forget the madman holding the light in one quivering hand, which made him forget everything—forget himself! The archæologist, the impersonal student alone remained.

He saw a vast hall, a mighty reproduction of the antechamber; an enormous cavern in the heart of the mountain—and, miraculously, permeated by dim light! Somewhere ahead, where the ray of Forder's light touched it, was a high, square altar. Its color was deceptive, but Maclean could not doubt that it was of solid gold. The flashlight picked out dazzling specks of light. It was studded with jewels!

Forder, ahead, uttered a muffled cry. The incredible light, which seemed to come from far above, grew brighter. Forder had reached the altar. He examined the gems upon the front of the shrine, then directed his flashlight upward. He mounted three golden steps, and kneeling, began to examine something invisible to Maclean.

The latter had been creeping nearer. Now he stopped. His very heartbeats seemed to stop. . . .

He had heard—or believed he had heard—a voice—far behind him . . . *a woman's voice*. . . .

Supernormal light was increasing by leaps and bounds, and as Maclean hesitated—listening, listening intently—Forder drew a heavy revolver from his pocket, pressed it to some crevice in the altar-top—and pulled the trigger. . . .

What followed was indescribable—a horror so gigantic that Maclean's mind failed to grasp it. . . .

Far above, through one of several openings which appeared to contain *green glass*, a blinding ray—a pencil of fire—shot down arrowlike. With a deafening roar the front of the shrine swung outward and downward. Where there had been steps there was a yawning pit!

Forder. . . .

"Good God!" Maclean groaned—and threw his arm across his eyes.

He faced some kind of gigantic *burning glass*—built as the Druids built, to catch the first ray of the sun at sunrise, high noon and the last at sunset. Those reflections on the summit. . . .

FORDER'S shot had released age-old levers once controlled by priests of Atlantis. And it was the hour of sunrise. . . . Forder had sacrificed himself to the Sun god!

A dense column of smoke arose. The solid floor rocked beneath Maclean. He turned. . . .

Betty Forder and Pedro had just entered!

"Back!" he screamed and began to run. "Go back!"

A huge boulder fell from the roof with a thunderous crash. That final sacrifice had shattered the ancient temple—as, perhaps, cunning brains in a distant past had planned. . . .

They carried Betty Forder out. The ladder was a stiff job; but Maclean and Pedro managed it between them.

Pedro opened the bungalow and they laid her on a camp bed. The whole place shook with earthquake-like tremors. Pedro stared at Maclean. . . .

"She did not see," he said. "I was before her. . . . She need never know."

"Er-er—would you mind giving me a list of what you're taking—er—for the insurance?" *P. Webb*

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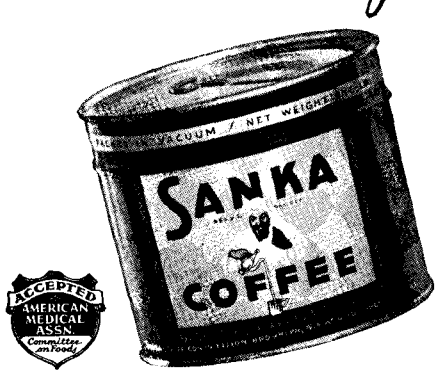

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"Sport"

Continued from page 17

What men the Doyles have been! And now comes this one, who's spent six of his twenty-four years in jails. Look at us, here, look at you, look at me.

"Unhang your birds," says the referee, and the handlers step in.

The little black chicken is back in his corner, for a few seconds, and he's getting what seems to be solicitous attention. However, he doesn't like it. He tries to tell his handler about it. "Listen," he says, "can't you let go of me? What's the matter with you? Can't you see you're not letting me get my breath? I think you're a little slow on the count, too, when it's my count. Give me a break, will you, and I'll lick this Big Red and his whole family."

BUT his handler doesn't take heed of him. Well he knows he's cutting off the little black rooster's wind. He's had his orders from Skipper Baisley.

Look at Louis Martone. He's watching the handler, almost carelessly. Louis' black eyes have seen nearly all the wickedness in the world and they seldom betray his secret thoughts.

"Eight . . . nine . . . TEN," says the referee, and the little black chicken is off to the wars again. In he goes, with a rush.

The Gonniff says something to Martone, and Louis nods, hardly moving his eyes from the cockpit. That's more money riding on you, little black chicken, more, and plenty more, maybe. These babies are not here for fun.

It's a tough fight. It's not so pretty to watch, any more. They've slowed up a little, they're tired, they're both hurt, but neither of them is thinking of calling it a night.

They run together, and Big Red slips. "That hurt him," says some expert.

This is what these eggs have come to see. They want to see somebody hurt, somebody beaten, somebody with his face in the dirt.

The little black bird is trying to talk to his handler again. "Listen," he says. "Don't cut my wind off like that! Give me a break!"

But a break is just what the black chicken is not going to get. Unless, maybe, Louis Martone will fix things up for him. Then it won't be tonight. It will be some other night. Take a look at Louis. Watch the way his eyes stray over to the handler.

Say, listen. Do you think Louis knows he's being gypped? It would be just like him to say nothing about it, at present. Louis' people come from Palermo. They're a very polite people, the Sicilians, and they have good memories.

The little black chicken has stopped clucking and squawking. "O. K.," he says to himself. "Every time they get me back in my corner they nearly ruin me. I'm gonna wind this up."

Out he goes, and something hits him in the side, away up high. But he can't be stopped. He comes in, jumping like grease out of a frying-pan, and whips the right in to the body.

Over goes Big Red.

There's a yell from the crowd, a sharp, excited yell.

The handlers are ready to jump in. The little black rooster looks down at his dead foe. Then he takes a step or two, wavering and unsteady, and lifts his head and crows, not too lustily. Suddenly he settles on the floor, a heap of trembling feathers.

No more fighting, little black chicken. No more fighting, or starving, or falling in love.

That makes it two and two, and the main is even, and I'll trouble you for two dollars. Now watch. Watch this. Out comes Pudgy Davis' fifth entry. Out comes Skipper Baisley's champion, too, but not too eagerly. Pudgy's rooster darts for him, and Skip's bird turns tail and flees, squawking. But an avenging power is overtaking him. Skip Baisley himself grabs him. He wrings his neck.

"Dunghill cock," he says, and that's not all he says.

Skipper's mortified. He's ashamed. Imagine, raising a gamecock that won't fight!

But they get a chicken that will. He loses. Strangely enough, Skip's next chicken loses, also. That puts the main on ice. Louis Martone can't win now, and the Gonniff can't lose. How lovely for everyone. There's still one more bout to go, but that can't make any difference.

Louis is paying off. Look at that roll of bills. The Gonniff says courteously that there's no hurry, but his eyes glisten.

They put the next bout on. You tired of it? O. K. Don't watch it. Watch the door, this time.

The door swings open. Nobody hears it. Five men, maybe six, maybe seven, come in. Maybe four. Ooh, what hard-looking men. They have guns, plenty of guns, and the guy in the back has a very nasty-looking gun, indeed. It's purely for scenic effect, let us hope.

"Come on. Stick 'em up!" one of them says. Everybody turns around. But the stick-ups are in the crowd, now, and the man with the queer gun looks particularly nasty.

We all put our hands in the air. Mickey Doyle looks at Louis, the way your dog looks at you. "Nothing doing, Mickey," says Louis, sharply.

Everybody lines up, at the wall. Nobody feels too good. That business out in Chi is in everybody's mind. But this isn't a killing. It's just a stick-up.

THE man who goes through me takes everything I've got, except a fountain pen. I suppose you're no better off.

They take everything from Louis, everything from the Gonniff, everything from Peter Mearns, who seems mildly amused. They take poor old Skip Baisley and the other chicken specialist, Mr. Davis. Pudgy Davis is just delighted that the Skipper hasn't paid his side-bet, yet. As for Skip, he does not feel so good. He owes the bet, he loses what cash he had, and he doubts very much whether the Gonniff will kick through with what was, at best, a sort of contingent fee.

The thugs get away in good order. Nobody's too keen about being the first one out of the barn.

The lookout is found outside, later on. Unfortunately, he has a fractured skull. Somebody hit him too hard with a blackjack.

Meanwhile, the Gonniff is looking at Louis Martone in a very peculiar way. But he says nothing.

Counselor Gallagher speaks up. "Does anybody know who that mob was? I don't," he says.

"They ain't my mob," says Louis.

The Gonniff opens his mouth, shuts it, and then it comes to him suddenly that maybe he'd better say something.

"They ain't my mob," he says.

"How about these guys?" says Louis, and looks at us.

"They're O. K.," says the counselor. "They're just a couple of newspaper boys."

"Who tipped you off?" says Louis, to us.

"The counselor tipped us off."

"O. K., then— No use of hanging around here. Come on, let's go."

SO a procession of big black cars, bearing weary and disgruntled sportsmen, goes mournfully back to town. This night's work is not all over, for them. Louis and Gonniff will probably not be friends any more. The counselor is sad. They're both his clients; he'd hate to lose either of them. Somebody got gypped tonight, and everyone thinks he was the one. And money's a lot more important to people like these than it is to those of us who never have a nickel.

But the chickens—the chickens are O. K. That little black chicken must surely be up in the chickens' heaven, roaring his cock-a-doodle-doo to distant stars. Maybe even the poor yellow bird who had his neck wrung because he wouldn't fight is up there, too. There may have been some little flaw, some fleck in his pure blood, that made him act that way. Perhaps it was his associations.

Yes, and it's even possible that chickens, horses and dogs argue about these matters just as we do, and that the more broad-minded of them believe that we will be allowed to accompany them to the regions of the blessed. Animals, as a whole, are pretty tolerant.

"Another pocket that needs mending —housewives are gettin' terrible!" *Crawford Young*

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Janey, the Ugly Duckling

Continued from page 15

learned to play the piano with my toes. But my education has been frightfully neglected in many ways— But what happened to your suitor?"

"I was awfully flattered at first," said Janey, "and then I ran away. I didn't run far, only to an old nurse of ours who'd married and had a farm. I just couldn't—"

"I know," he said sympathetically. "You thought you could, until the last moment. You respected him and he was jolly to be with, but when you thought about being with him day after day—"

"Exactly. But now," she said miserably, "it's happened all over again. And I don't know how I'm going to do it, and I don't know how I'm going to escape." A launch put out from the private pier down to which sloped a pleasant lawn. "Oh, dear, they're coming for me!"

"Come back tomorrow," said the Hired Man. "The owner's going ashore, and I can take the boat. Then you can finish your thinking."

"All right, I will," said Janey. And she jumped into the Patricia II and obediently made for shore.

"What a nice little girl," he thought. "What a *comfortable* little girl. And a runaway little girl, too. Something like me." He stretched his long legs out on the deck again, and looked up at the sky and felt at peace.

He had run away, and he knew with a feeling of absolute certainty that he had done right. Yet what he had done was something irrational and illogical as far as reason's feeble glimmer could follow. He had almost been in love with one Caroline. Everyone, including his mother, had let it be seen that Caroline was a suitable bride for the young millionaire, John Oliver Torrence, son of the famous archæologist.

THEN one day he had heard Caroline speak rudely to her mother's pale-eared, homely secretary, and he had been furious; for the girl was one of those foredoomed girls who will always work at some small job, always walk in life's side streets, and probably never have such usual things as husband, children, home. He had suffered his final revulsion over so small a thing as an expression he had surprised in Caroline's face, a cold, calculating look that froze his marrow. He had said good-by to Caroline and told her he was going away, but he didn't say where or why—exactly like the old song. And here he was, cruising with Hilliard.

There was a dipping of oars. Hilliard was coming aboard.

"Come on ashore," he called. "Get into some clothes. I met an old friend of mine, Brenda Lester."

"I don't want to meet anyone."

"Still the same old incog, eh?" said Hilliard. "A runaway millionaire, what?"

"Jeer away," said John. "I'm not going ashore." For he had an idea that as soon as Janey Lester, the Ugly Duckling, knew who he was, there would be an end to her comfortable friendliness.

He watched for the sailboat the next afternoon. Swampscott dories made out from shore. Speed boats with excited boys in them roared past. There was the usual traffic of a big Long Island harbor which included anything from ancient catboats to the most beautiful and lofty sloops, own cousins to the cup defenders. He was standing, his hand on a stay, peering out, when under his stern a small voice said, "Nancy Lee ahoy!"

Janey, in a small dinghy, had rowed up silently. He didn't know that she had been sitting in her boat, watching him as he looked out anxiously for her.

"Oh, you did get away at last?" he said.

"I did, by stealth, hypocrisy and mendacity," said Janey, clambering aboard. "I was taken very, very ill and couldn't possibly go on the launch." She nodded out to sea. A motor launch was leaving the harbor. "There she goes! They're going down the Sound somewhere to dance. I had to be very sick to make it, because, you see, the party's being given for me."

"I thought you said you were an Ugly Duckling and a Disappointment."

"Well, I was," said Janey, sitting down and putting her hands about her knees, and looking at him with a bright sideways glance. "I was not only an Ugly Duckling and a Disappointment, but also a Washout. You see, it's this way: I was never very smart, and I haven't a line, and I don't drink, and petting makes me nervous. I get in a panic making myself agreeable; if I met you at a party, for instance, I should be mute as a fish. And what with two perfectly beautiful sisters—" she sketched a little despairing gesture—"well, you can imagine."

"No, I can't," he said with approving eyes on her.

"So, of course, when I had another suitor, my aunt felt it was too good to be true." She watched him as he raised the jib, payed out the mainsail. This he did as though by sleight of hand.

"It's things like that," said Janey miserably. "Mr. Hastings fusses all around a boat when he gets under way. He likes to sail himself. Then he gets excited and gives a thousand orders, and very often goes off on the wrong tack and scolds people for it."

"Charming character," said John.

"He's very nice. He has a rock garden and he plays the 'cello."

"Excellent things on which to base one's life," said John. "And I suppose he's young and beautiful?"

"He's very dignified, and very fine-looking and kind. He's about forty."

"Most appropriate," he observed. "And you, I take it, are about—"

"Nineteen," said Janey.

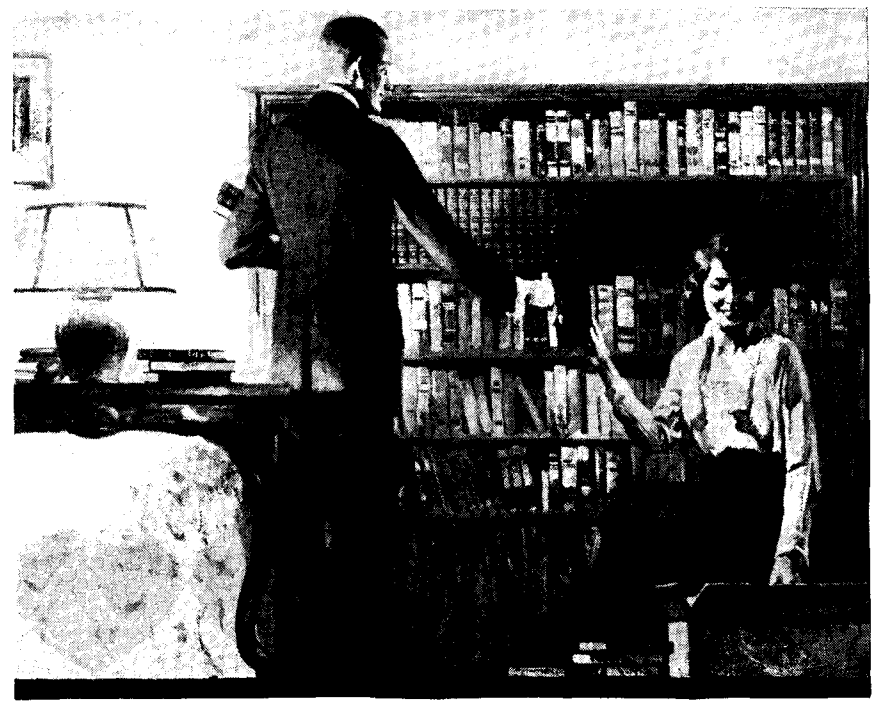
"Good heavens!" he said. "How does it happen you're not married long ago? An old maid of nineteen! Hurry up and marry this kindly gentleman who overlooks your being a Disappointment and an Ugly Duckling and a Washout—and, on top of everything, a decrepit spinster. Your parents must certainly be annoyed at you!"

"THAT'S the trouble," said Janey. "I've no parents. My aunt brought us up. That is, she brought up Brenda and Roberta. When my mother died I was five, and I was circular; and Aunt Lucy said to Grandmother she couldn't take me because she didn't feel she could face a circular infant. You see, I was one of those fat, dimply little girls. I used to hear them talking me over when I would visit my aunt. They would say, 'She has the Lester eyes and complexion, and these fat girls often lengthen out beautifully.' I've thinned out some," said Janey contritely, "but I never did lengthen."

"You're very remiss," John said sternly.

"Well, it seems so—to my aunt, anyway. She's had me for three years now on her hands, ever since Grandmother died. You see, that's what makes it so awful—to marry Mr. Hastings, I mean. He has lots of money and a huge house,

(Continued on page 42)



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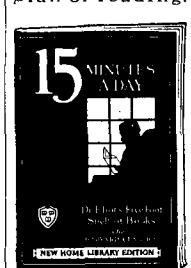

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Every Sunday Evening

Collier's Radio Hour

(Continued from page 41)

a housekeeper and eight servants. And the way people with lots of money live terrifies me."

"I hate it too," said John.

Janey went on: "I like little houses, like my grandmother's. And little boats, and old-fashioned gardens. She had bees and an old apple orchard, and a small fruit garden, and guineas and ducks. And there was hardly any paint on the house. It was all covered over with vines, and you could see the Sound through the trees. There was a little inlet where I kept my boat. And I loved it. And then when I was sixteen she died. Then—" she paused, "they sold —my home. This taking homes from children is a terrible thing. You know, I still dream that I'm back, I'm so homesick for it!"

He made a gesture of sympathy. He felt he wanted to do something about that house—get it back for Janey. She smiled up at him. "Well, it's good to tell someone about it, anyway— Could I sail your boat awhile?" She took the wheel. "What do *you* do?"

"I'm interested in archæology, and ancient civilizations in this country," he said cautiously. "Most likely I'm going on the Torrence expedition next summer."

"Oh, are you? Are you?" she said. "Isn't that splendid!"

He spoke eagerly about what he wanted to do. "I mustn't take up all our time talking about myself," he said. "You've got to get your thinking done."

"I've been thinking and thinking," said Janey, "but there isn't any answer. I know he's going to be awfully disappointed in me and hate just the things he likes me for."

"And what does he like you for?"

"My being what he calls an old-fashioned girl, for one thing."

"Well, I can understand that," said John judicially. And he and Janey smiled at each other.

"I know a nice little cove around here where we could anchor for supper," he suggested. "And as sweet a little beach that we can swim to as ever you saw."

"Fine," said Janey. It seemed to her she had never been so happy in her life before, and that she'd never seen so happy a person as John. He made even such usual things as swimming and a beach seem a marvelous adventure. He was so easy to talk to; you could tell him everything. Janey had never in all her life felt so comfortable with a young man before. They swam ashore and raced on the beach, and then John turned cartwheels.

"Oh," said Janey. "I can do that too!" And she turned two beautiful cartwheels.

"Hurray!" exclaimed John. "I've found it!"

"What do you mean?"

"That's what you'll do! That's how you'll get rid of Mr. Hastings! Turn a few cartwheels. Shock him. Then he'll immediately see that you don't fit into his scheme of life at all!"

"Oh!" cried Janey. "If only I dared—"

TWO days passed, and Janey didn't come. The third day John saw her rowing out.

"I can't stay but a minute. They're waiting for me. I just came to tell you it worked—your plan, I mean. Those cartwheels. He's been watching me in a curious way ever since. I really think there's a rift in the lute."

Things drifted on for several days, with Janey stealing what time she could to report progress. Every time she came she seemed sweeter to him than ever before.

"Come ashore, you old ostrich," Hilliard urged him. "Everyone knows who you are. You're as conspicuous as a lighthouse."

"Janey doesn't know," thought John. "Soon I've got to tell her. Very soon I've got to tell her who I am. But I can't bear to do it." As himself he could never have gotten to know Janey.

That evening Janey came aboard, breathless, saying: "He's gone! He's gone! A telegram called him away! When he came last time, I saw him coming and I *slid down the banister*, almost into his arms! And he *blenched!* I never knew what it meant before!"

"Oh, Janey," said John, "isn't that grand!" And suddenly he kissed her. First he kissed her in pure lightness of heart. And then very solemnly and tenderly; and solemnly she returned his kiss.

NEXT day he lay on deck, filled with the deep content of a man who has found what he has been looking for all his life, but who has not yet put this into words. He swam, he sailed; and toward evening, he looked for Janey. She didn't come, though she had promised him faithfully she would be there.

And there was another day she didn't come, during which time he made up his mind that his masquerade had gone far enough. It had grown dark, and just as he decided he could wait no longer and would look for her ashore, he heard the light dip of oars and Janey drew alongside.

"Oh, Janey," he said, "where have you been, and why didn't you let me know you weren't coming?"

"I didn't know myself," said Janey. "My aunt has been keeping me busy."

"Couldn't you have written me a note, Janey, that you weren't coming?"

"Who'd I write to? 'John, Hired Man on the Nancy Lee V, Anchored Furthest Out in the Harbor?'"

"Oh, Janey," he said, "I ought to have told you. I've got a confession to make—"

"Don't," said Janey. "Don't let's have confessions or anything. Just let's have this evening as it's always been. Anyway, I think I know all the things you have to confess."

"She's found out, and doesn't care!" he thought. Aloud he said, "I thought your aunt had shut you up in a dungeon keep."

"She's been unusually nice," said Janey, "with me feeling as if the sword were dangling over my head."

They sailed out of the harbor in the moonlight.

"Janey," he said, "you don't know how glad I am to see you. I never had such long days. Oh, Janey, you're so sweet."

And just then there was a distant rumble of thunder, and they noticed that the breeze had dropped. Now thunder crashed alarmingly nearer. He jumped up.

"Good Lord," he said, "I hadn't noticed the wind dropping. Now we'll have to run under bare poles." He got the sail in only a moment before the squall struck.

"I think we can make the Cove and anchor there," he said. "With this sea and wind it wouldn't be wise to try and get back."

They reached the Cove, and John drew a long breath of relief. A delicious feeling of safety flowed over him; not for himself but for Janey.

They anchored. The storm died away. They got supper.

"Now, you turn in," John advised, "and I'll watch and start her up just as soon as it's light."

Janey slept profoundly, curled up like a kitten. John watched through the night, noting the change of the wind. He nodded off for a few moments toward dawn, and awoke to a gray and uneasy sea. He got under way. Janey was still sleeping.

They were not long out in the Sound when a siren gave tongue. Boats rushed on them. First a coast-guard boat, then a launch, and in it Janey's aunt and sister, and Hilliard. Another launch was racing down—John's friends. Reporters in another. John stopped the motor and waited for their impact. Then it was all over. They were swarming aboard; and Janey was coming out of the cabin, blinking and looking like a sleepy baby who has been suddenly awakened. There was a babel of voices.

Hilliard said, "Thank God you're found!"

Aunt Lucy put her arms about Janey.

"Of course, I knew you were out with Mr. Torrence—"

"Mr. Torrence—?" faltered Janey. "*Mr. Torrence?*"

"Yes, Mr. Torrence," said Brenda, "whom you've so unkindly kept all to yourself."

"I—I think I'll go below," said Janey.

"Get in our launch, Janey darling," said Mrs. Lester. "It will get in so much quicker than the Nancy Lee. Poor child, you must be shaken."

Brenda and Aunt Lucy and Janey got into the launch. Hilliard stayed on the Nancy Lee.

"Well, my darling, I must congratulate you," said Aunt Lucy.

"Congratulate me—" said Janey in a small voice.

"About John Torrence," said Aunt Lucy. "You've been a very wise little girl. We'd better announce the engagement at once; after all the publicity—"

"But I don't know John Torrence. I only knew John, the Hired Man—"

"Don't be absurd," said Aunt Lucy. "That was a charming fiction with which to carry on a courtship."

"But there hasn't been any courtship," said Janey.

"There, there, my dear," said Aunt Lucy, "you're overwrought." And her manner was the congratulatory one of a woman whose little niece has made a very wise choice in life. "You got rid of Mr. Hastings very cleverly, my darling." And here Janey burst into tears.

"Really, Janey," said Brenda, "there's a limit to naïveté. Turning cartwheels and sliding down banisters! You know you didn't think John Torrence was a sailing master. Why, we all knew who he was, and Mr. Hilliard said—"

"Leave your sister alone," said Aunt Lucy. For Janey was crying harder than ever before, because she knew that she had never really thought that John was a hired man. And now her aunt had spoiled everything.

WHEN John called later in the day Janey wasn't to be seen. He sat on the deck of the Nancy Lee all day, wondering how the events of the morning were going to affect Janey.

Just at sunset he saw her row out, a dark speck on the flaming water. As she came closer he could see that there was determination in her face, but also serenity.

"Come aboard!" he called.

"That depends," Janey said cautiously. "See here—you don't think you've got to ask me to marry you on account of last night—?"

"Ask you to marry me—*on account of last night?* Of course not!"

"There!" said Janey. "That's what I told Aunt Lucy. That's what I wanted to know before I came aboard."

"You can come aboard in safety," said John. "I didn't know what had happened when you wouldn't see me."

"I didn't know what had happened myself, at first," said Janey. "I felt as if everything were spoiled between us. As if they'd taken us away from each other. Then I saw it depended on us." Janey held up her head. "I wouldn't let them spoil it. They couldn't take anything away from us that we didn't let them have. That if we didn't accept

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their nasty ideas, we could ignore them and act as if we had had the storm all to ourselves."

"Oh, Janey," said John, "you're a darling—" And he kissed her.

"So," said Janey, disengaging herself, "we can go on as we always did if we want to—"

"We certainly want to," said John.

He looked at Janey adoringly, while he considered that anyone more triumphant over circumstances and anyone more adorably comfortable he had never seen. He could have whooped aloud with joy over Janey. It was as if they had what they had before, with lots added.

So for a time Janey and John, the Hired Man, sailed and swam and talked. Until one night a flat calm fell, and they didn't get in until three; which might have been all right if unfortunately Aunt Lucy and Brenda hadn't come ashore from a party on a yacht at the same time.

"No wonder people are talking about you," said Brenda.

"Let 'em," said Janey tranquilly.

"Please remember that I'm engaged, and what concerns my sister concerns the Tremonts—"

"I don't see what the Tremonts have to do with me," said Janey. "I can, I suppose, have a friend like any other girl—" But Brenda had left the room.

PEOPLE *were* talking. Janey Lester was on John Torrence's boat all the time. She was engaged. She was not engaged.

Old Mrs. Gillian had congratulated her at the yacht club right before Aunt Lucy. "When's the wedding, Janey?" she asked in her high, cracked voice.

"Wedding?" Janey had answered unblushingly. "Why, I'm not even engaged."

After that the summer colony buzzed.

It was at this point Aunt Lucy acted. "Really, Janey," she said, "you've made a laughingstock of us long enough." And giving Janey no chance to see John again, she took her off in her car. She had given no warning. She had merely said, "I want you to come on a drive to talk things over," and the drive prolonged itself to hours.

"Where are we going?" Janey asked.

"Janey," Aunt Lucy replied, "I am taking you down to Alice Lander's. It's a little, isolated place sticking out in the Sound and very lovely."

"Are you abducting me?" asked Janey.

"Call it what you like," said Aunt Lucy. "Anyhow I want you to stay at Alice's a week or so. I want you to think up what you want to do, for you cannot come back to me. You can make any reasonable plan you wish, but I want you to spend two weeks thinking of what you have been doing."

"I've been having a little fun," said Janey. "I've just been sailing with John."

"Yes, you've just been having a little fun—at the expense of your sister, of me, and of your own reputation. No one has the right to 'have a little fun' at such price." Thus reasonably and without anger, for long miles, Aunt Lucy undermined Janey's confidence in herself. She dropped sentences like, "You get rid of a man you previously liked by bizarre methods; for what? Apparently, to go out at all hours on John Torrence's boat; with a man who, had he cared anything about you, wouldn't have let you do these things." Mile after mile this went on until Janey was stripped and despoiled.

By the time they turned down the side road which led to the Lander place, she didn't care whether she stayed there two weeks or two months. She only wanted to be alone.

The Landers, kindly friends of Janey's mother, let her alone. They had accepted Aunt Lucy's explanation that Janey "had gotten tired and needed a rest."

FOR two days Janey couldn't turn her eyes to the Sound. She couldn't look at the cove or the little rowboat that bobbed invitingly.

Wave after wave of humiliation poured over Janey and almost drowned her. Wave after wave of homesickness for John. And then a bleak self-knowledge.

"I'm in love with him," she thought, "and he doesn't love me—" and with that it was as though Janey had grasped a spar in the welter of the shipwreck of her self-respect. "John wouldn't let me do anything that would hurt me," she thought.

Aunt Lucy could undermine Janey's belief in herself but not her belief in John. "Maybe he doesn't love me but *he's my friend.*" No one could take that away. No one could take away the days they had had together. The other people who had talked were wrong—not John, not Janey. She hadn't let them spoil their friendship before. She wouldn't now. The sound of Aunt Lucy's corroding words grew dim. "She can't spoil it," thought Janey, "if I don't let her."

It was as if day had come after an arctic night. Suddenly she felt the same peace and happiness she had when she was sailing with John. She went to sleep feeling as if John had said to her consolingly, "It's all right, Janey, they can't hurt us unless we let them."

"How rested you look, my dear," the old ladies chirped next morning.

"I'm a different being," said Janey. "I think I'll go out for a row." To herself Janey thought, "Because I've got some thinking to do."

She shoved off on the shining water. "What a coward I've been," she thought. "I've only been thinking of myself. What about John?" What would he think when she didn't come? "I'll write to him," Janey thought, "as soon as I get back."

Janey watched the boats bending to the wind on the Sound. A fleck of sail approached, came nearer and nearer. Janey saw that it was a yawl, rigged and perhaps thirty-eight feet over all. It came to anchor far out. Janey rowed to it. An enormous young man stood on the deck, watching her. Janey could see him shining as she drew up.

"Janey," he called. "Oh, Janey! Come aboard."

JANEY came aboard. John threw his arms about her and kissed her and kissed her again. He said nothing more than, "Janey, oh, Janey." And then, "Why didn't you write?" And then again, "Oh, Janey."

"How did you find me?" said Janey.

"Why did you run away?" said John.

"I didn't. I was abducted. I was put in a dungeon keep with two delightful old jailers."

"How did you get out?" said John.

"The way I did before," said Janey. "I thought myself out and you helped me. They couldn't keep me there unless I let them."

"Why didn't you write me?" John asked.

"I was just going to. I was really in jail for two days. I only got out."

"Oh, Janey," said John.

"How did you find me?" asked Janey.

"Chauffeurs," said John calmly, "can be bribed."

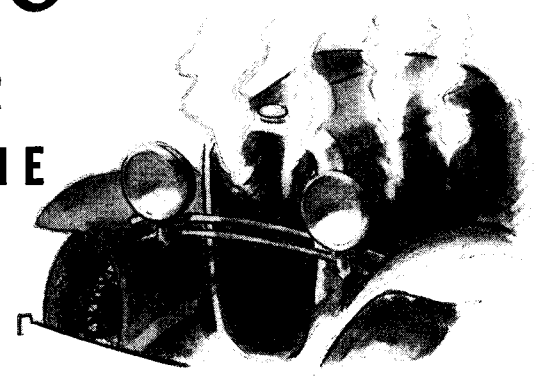
Now they were weighing anchor. Now they were under way. "Where are we going?" asked Janey.

"You've been abducted again," said John. "We're going where they can never get between us again, Janey. We're going to get a parson!"

WINTER ON THE DRIVER'S SEAT

but

SUMMER UNDER THE HOOD!



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Sir!

Don't Laugh at this Lady!

To picture her shaving may be funny—but it's no funnier than YOU in the mornings —and she doesn't laugh then! It's a cinch, though, that she wouldn't do it your way if she had a beard to clean off!

You'll laugh at the old ways—once you shave with Frostilla Brushless Shave. Dripping lather, time-wasting brushes, irritating rub-ins — all take their place in the past. Good enough in their day, but . . .

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Frostilla Brushless Shave has ingredients never before used. They *condition* your face—it actually *looks* better without lotions. They prepare your beard so well that there's no pull, drag or after-redness. Never a nick or cut—you can throw away that styptic stick.

Don't resign yourself to the old-fashioned lather-and-brush way, and don't stay unhappy if you've tried other brushless creams. Give your face a new chance—and a life-long treat! Use the coupon herewith!

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The Red Czar

Continued from page 19

Among the few old Activists who still survive, Yenukidze and Orzhonikidze are perhaps the only men who can remember all the details of Stalin's career. At the present moment Orzhonikidze is Commissar for Peasants' and Workers' Inspection.

In private life Stalin is extremely modest, as are most of the Bolsheviks of the old guard. He wears old and frequently patched and darned clothes, not out of ostentation, but simply because he has done so all his life. He will wear the same suit for years; he is a living example of Bolshevik asceticism.

Stalin's Diversions

On rare occasions, when he has his few friends about him, he opens a bottle of good Georgian wine. Stalin drinks very little; he fills up his friends' glasses, now and again he sings a Georgian song, and towards morning he starts dancing a wild Georgian highland fling, with knives, daggers and barbaric songs. His fifty years, his position and his past have not made him forget the war dance of his native land. In fact, he has forgotten nothing connected with Georgia. Every summer, when the heaviest work of the year is over, he takes a month's leave and crosses the Caucasus Mountains to the little Soviet Republic of Georgia, which is now only a tiny province in his huge realm.

Telephones, wireless apparatus and messengers keep him in constant touch with the capital, and every day exhaustive orders and instructions are issued from Georgia, proving that Stalin, although far away in his native land, still holds the reins of government firmly in his hands.

During his holiday he always spends a few days in Tiflis, the city in which he performed his greatest deeds. There, as a matter of habit, he first visits the railway depot where the great program of Socialism was first revealed to him. There are still a few old railway men who remember the days when Stalin, as a very young seminarist, used humbly to attend their meetings. As soon as he arrives at the depot he hugs and kisses these old Georgians, who return his embraces and call him Zozo or Koba, as they did in the old days.

These few old workmen are perhaps the only people outside his family who still cherish some human feelings for Stalin; they still really love and revere their old friend Koba. And they are certainly the only workmen in the country who are loved by Stalin, not in the abstract but with all the warmth accorded to human beings of flesh and blood. "My teachers in the school of Revolution," he reverently calls them. This is not a pose or a dramatic gesture, but the genuine expression of an emotion that surges up in the primitive soul of the Georgian Koba.

Towards all his other party comrades, even those who are most closely associated with him in his work and who are his most ardent supporters, Stalin maintains a purely official attitude. If they carry out a task successfully, he shakes hands with them and thanks them; if they fail he upbraids them unmercifully before everybody, very often in the middle of a sitting of the Council of the People's Commissars.

There is no disputing the fact that as a personality Stalin towers head and shoulders above those who surround him. His energy, his sober fanaticism, his resolution and his personal courage have no match in the rank and file of the Communist Party. Neither the old guard nor the new generation come anywhere near him. Stalin is fully aware of this and treats all his subordinates, except the Caucasians, to whom he is deeply attached, with befitting condescension and capriciousness. His handling of his subordinates, whom he constantly plays off one against the other, is an important factor in his art of government, in which he has no rival in the whole of Russia.

Carefully stowed away in Stalin's safe at home is a mass of documents which he treasures like the sight of his eyes. They contain the most precise information regarding all the leading men of the party and have been taken from the secret archives of the czarist police. Almost every member of the party was guilty of some misdemeanor in the hopeless pre-revolutionary days—fraternizing with a police officer, diverting party funds to private needs, maligning Lenin, or something of the kind. The czar's police, through their *agents provocateurs*, were kept well informed on all these matters. And now these files lie carefully locked up among Stalin's secret treasures. In the evening, perhaps, he peruses these jaundiced papers and chuckles over the sins of his comrades.

As a rule these sins are allowed to lie buried. But should any Comrade become dangerous or try to strike out on a line of his own, Stalin summons him to his office and points to the documents: "You see, in the year 1905 in the village of ——, you fraternized with the chief of police," he observes gravely. "Take care or you will get into hot water." More often than not this friendly warning suffices and the rebel immediately falls to heel.

Stalin's portrait hangs on the walls of all the Communist meeting-rooms, institutions and homes in the world. Whenever Russia, revolution or conspiracy is discussed his name is always mentioned first. His enemies have been annihilated, he is the undisputed despot of Russia and the head of International Communism, the sole heir of Marx and Lenin. With a firm grip his hands clasp the steel broom once given him by the Leningrad workers, which represents a power whereof no czar or Cæsar ever dreamed.

Behind the Scenes

But he himself, the possessor of this power, remains as he has always been, a "dark horse." His old habits as a conspirator make him shun publicity; he occupies no government post and holds only three offices, which make but little appeal to the public imagination. He is the first General Secretary of the Russian Communist Party, he is a member of the Political Bureau of the Communist Party and a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

An old Arab legend contains the following passage: "For many a long year a certain vizier had served his sultan well and faithfully, and the sultan resolved in return to make him happy. So, calling him to him, he said: 'I wish to make thee happy, and to this end I give thee my own daughter to wed.' But the vizier threw himself at the sultan's feet and cried, 'I am old and married. Forgive me, I pray thee, but I cannot wed thy daughter!' Then the sultan grew angry and said, 'I resolved to make thee happy and I shall do so.' And to make him happy he sent him to prison."

This aptly describes Stalin. He has made up his mind to make mankind happy and in order to carry out his resolve, he has turned the whole world, as far as possible, into a prison. Prison as the first step to happiness is the meaning of "Stalinism." It is necessary for him to have mankind wholly in his grasp, either by means of his police force or the Soviet system, in order to direct every detail of their lives. That is why his state is, above all, a police state.

The Five-Year Plan, as a scheme, is the greatest stroke of genius that has ever emanated from the brain of a bureaucrat in a police-ruled state. In the grandeur of its scope and the high-handed manner of its execution, it is profoundly Asiatic, stupendous in its ingenious primitiveness and entirely in keeping with the nature of the new generation of rulers.

The Five-Year Plan can be explained to the simplest Russian peasant in a few minutes. In order to establish Communism, which is paradise, money is required. But money is lacking, consequently it must be procured. How? By selling everything that can be sold—bread, cattle, wood, oil, women's hair, paving stones, scrap iron, museum pictures, precious stones, everything. The price obtained is immaterial; the main consideration is to secure ready money for building factories. Everything else is beside the point.

Feverish Excitement

Stalin, with his somber passion, has succeeded in inspiring his fellow men with his own fanatical zeal. By propaganda of all kinds he has won the enthusiasm of at least a portion of Russia for his constructive policy. Every day on a bulletin board in the Red Square in Moscow he shows the progress made by the Five-Year Plan during the past week. The board is covered with figures, names of factories and descriptions of goods. After each item stands the rate at which the Five-Year Plan is being fulfilled, and the people are kept informed whether satisfactory progress is being made or whether it will be necessary to dispatch a brigade drawn from the "shock troop" organizations of Communist youth to recover lost ground and urge the workers to carry out the plan.

Every day thousands of people stand in front of the board, studying the figures, their faces filled with a strange enthusiasm. Each time a figure shows that a record is up to expectations, they glow with pride in their revolutionary fatherland, the first Socialist republic in the world, which before long, they believe, will conquer the whole globe.

Feverish excitement reigns in Moscow, and immediately infects every stranger who arrives there. The Five-Year Plan is advertised on every wall, every placard, in every newspaper, on every letter and label, on the wireless and in the cinema. It is like the war fever of 1914. The mystery is that after almost a generation of revolution, a nation should still be able to survive this terrible condition of strain without going mad or driving out its leader. Stalin's great gifts as ruler are best proved by the magic power with which he has directed the imagination and will of a vast nation towards one common goal.

The mass of the party feel instinctively that their salvation depends upon Stalin, and even the leading Communists, who cling to Stalin through thick and thin, are fully aware that Joseph Vissarionovich Djugashvili Stalin, the General Secretary of the Communist Party, is the bulwark of its power.

THE END

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Good Men for Bad

Continued from page 11

mentally confirmed criminal, the truly anti-social rascal, is a specialist. Once a pickpocket always a pickpocket, once a forger always a forger. Harsh rules, but, unfortunately, fairly justified by the records of gentlemen of fair astuteness in their particular shady arts. If prison could wear out their deftness at their favorite crime—a deftness that must, outside, suffer lapses or they wouldn't get to prison—they'd have a better chance of release. Failing an easy technique in dishonesty they might try the experiment of trying to earn an honest livelihood and be favorably surprised that it's a practicable alternative to their favorite crime.

I remember once our ancient safe in the office prison proved balky. There was urgent reason to open it. Instead of waiting for workmen from New York or the manufacturers, if they still survived, to open the safe, I thought of a celebrated "peterman" in the prison and sent for him. When I told him what was wanted and made a polite reference to his record as an expert safe-breaker, he grinned. Looking over the safe he said:

"I'll take this, Warden. It's a pipe."

He went to work on the combination, speedily, confidently. He worked for hours—as far into the night as I thought wise to let him in case he was indulging whimsical deception. Then I sent him back to his cell. The safe baffled him.

"You need soup for that one, Warden," he said soup being nitroglycerine to blow the safe open.

We didn't need soup. The safe was easily opened by workmen. But that former expert cracksman cracks safes no more. Four years in prison had cost him his technique—the sensitiveness of his fingers, the sharp mental instinct necessary for that difficult job.

There lies one of the unfathomed secrets of successful penology—making the prisoner forget the tricks of his trade and teaching him an honest trade without tricks, although difficulties also lie in that direction, for if prisons graduate very many men into regular trades competition with honest labor rises. It's a nice question and one we cannot hope to answer by our present catch-as-catch-can system.

Not long ago the representative of a large printers' union visited the prison shop. He was curious to know how many linotype operators we had trained. Three or four was the number.

"These men will go out," he grumbled, "and be candidates for union jobs."

"Or else," said an astute business man with him, "they'll be rejected by the union and work in some open shop."

"That's a problem," I agreed. "But let us see. One of these men has twelve years to serve, another fifteen and another nine. They're at least not an immediate problem."

Yet our entire plan of correction for criminals is an immediate problem. In legislation like prohibition we have vastly expanded criminal opportunity without the slightest provision for the housing and care of the thousands who succumb to that opportunity to commit new crimes and find themselves guests of state or Federal authorities.

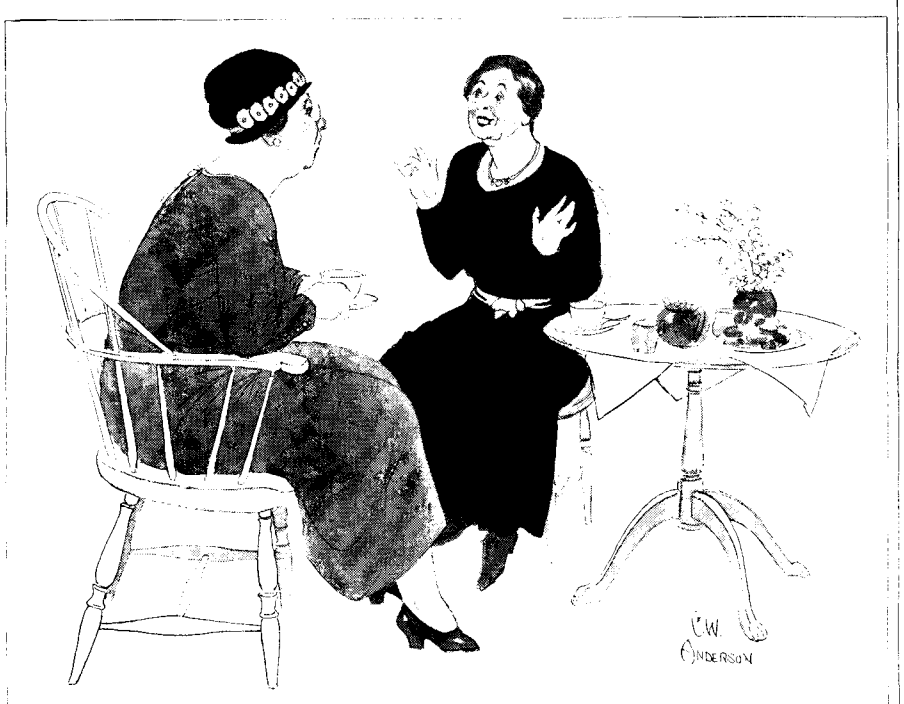
The Luck of a Warden

A burglar came to Sing Sing for his second offense. He had put in four years at Elmira for up-country ravages, changed his field of operations and been caught again in a less serious felony. He served two years and two months in Sing Sing and was discharged. That was seven years ago. Now he's got a fairly good job and has been straight and will stay straight. When I met him in New York recently and congratulated him on his genuine reform, he said:

"You made me feel like a human being up at Sing Sing."

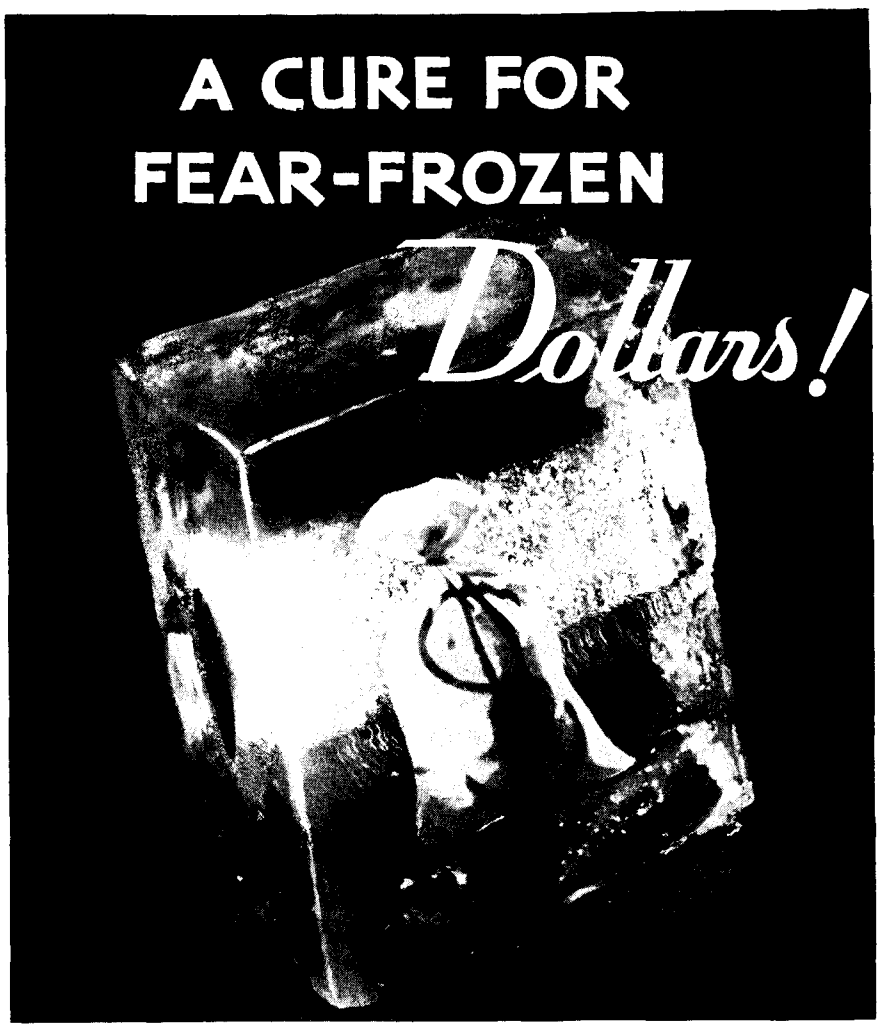
To be personal for a moment, I'm no magician, and I recognize that the element of luck prevails in prison life as in every other phase of life. Once when I was sure firearms were being smuggled into Sing Sing, because about the prison was that strained, tense atmosphere which we prison men know is a prelude to trouble, I spent days and sleepless nights devising means to make sure who had those weapons and who was admitting them. I became suspicious of every prisoner and of every guard. And that's an unwholesome frame of mind for a warden who knows, by the law of averages, that out of two hundred guards a few will be venal.

(Continued on page 46)



"Our new minister is really so broad-minded. You should hear him make jokes about wine bricks"

C. W. Anderson



How to Correct An Economic Ailment that Prolongs Depressions

IT HAS happened before—many times—this aftermath of panics and depressions which sees tremendous cash surpluses piled up, the money wealth of the country idling in huge repositories—hidden away—hoarded, out of circulation. Dollars—frozen by Fear!

It is natural, human—yet, is it sound? Vivid recollections of losses prevail. Financial reverses. Estates shrunken to a fraction of their true worth. The spectre of poverty in old age stimulates the natural instinct to hoard.

And yet one of the simplest, surest, most effective ways to financial security in later years—to a permanent unshrinkable estate that is certain whether you live or die—is life insurance. It achieves your goal immediately—today! It is flexible—designed to meet changing needs.

Life insurance too, helps thaw those fear-frozen assets so greatly needed for the return of prosperity. The premiums are immediately put to work in constructive enterprises for the good of the country as a whole.

Write today for the Equitable book "Build for the Future" which explains the fundamentals of insurance . . . the various types of investment policies, and the many interesting ways insurance can be made to work for your profit and peace of mind.

JANUARY 21st *is Life Insurance Day*

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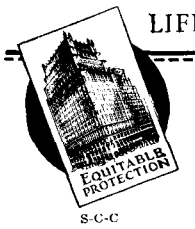

S-C-C

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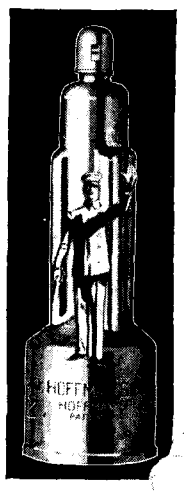
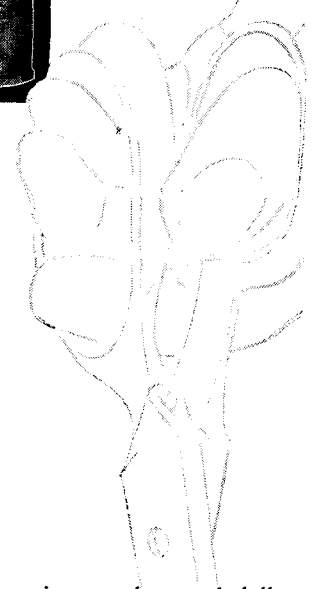


CUT FUEL COSTS 1/3



Here's information worth actual dollars and cents to every owner of a steam heating system. No. 2 Hoffman Vacuum Valves on radiators bring your old fashioned heating system up-to-date, save you money, and create an amazing degree of new home comfort.

Air in the heating system causes sluggish, hard-to-heat radiators. No. 2 Hoffman Valves *vacuumize* the system—let out all air from pipes and radiators—*and keep it out with patented double air locks.* Result: Steam rushes through air-free pipes—radiators heat in 15 minutes after opening drafts and hold their heat for hours.

Fuel bills, too, are sharply cut. For in a vacuum, water boils at a lower temperature, requiring less fuel to produce steam.

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Expensive? Not at all! And fuel savings quickly pay the cost. Ask your heating contractor about the easy terms on which you can Hoffman-ize your radiators. Or mail the coupon.

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No. 2 Vacuum Valves
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Also makers of Hoffman Controlled Heat and Hoffman-Economy Pumps.

(Continued from page 45)

Carefully checking every man on the staff, I couldn't put my finger on any suspicious acts. Then I had the lucky hunch to suspect myself. Lecture work takes me to many places in and around New York. I use my car to go to these places, and, of course, there's publicity in the newspapers about the talks.

All other vehicles coming into Sing Sing are stopped between two pairs of gates—and thoroughly gone over. Once a contractor's civilian helpers within the walls connived at a prisoner secreting himself coiled about the engine beneath a truck hood! The only car exempt from examination is the Warden's.

On returning from a trip to Paterson I halted the car between the sets of gates and requested the guards to go through it and under it. A brace of automatic pistols was found ingeniously hidden in the arc of a rear fender. Who put them there, we'll never know, nor for whom they were intended. But since that date nobody escapes scrutiny.

And luck operates the opposite way. At lunch one day I indulged in a bit of bragging. A commuted murderer waited on table as I regaled the guests with a few prison stories and pointed out that Sing Sing was fortunate in escaping the epidemic of outbreaks then filling the press. The prisoners, I boasted, were satisfied—on good terms with the authorities and with one another. Before that meal was over a guard broke in with the news that in the ramp parade to the dining-room one prisoner had stabbed another to death, the victim had dropped and, although killer and killed were packed in a close line, no other prisoner would admit any knowledge of what had happened. Subsequently we discovered that the two men had been crime partners outside the walls and that in a particular job one had "gypped" the other, but to get this information we had to investigate outside the prison! The murderer was transferred to the death house in due time and electrocuted.

A warden's first impulse, when something of that kind brings evil notice to the prison, is to subject his guards to merciless grilling. But since prison morale depends largely upon the frame of mind of the guard corps—always and everywhere underpaid—ordinary discretion requires that they be treated as if trusted unless there's conclusive evidence to the contrary.

A Treat for the Doomed

We were astounded once at noise of raucous laughter from the death house. The inmates were hilarious. All because two of the guards had differed as to what lights should be doused and who should douse them. Words were heated, and the argument terminated in both guards swinging at each other and giving the condemned men the unusual diversion of a fist fight between two of their keepers. Of course these guards were disciplined.

There lies a most important element in prison reform—the training of intelligent men to the jobs of being honest and humane guards. The most scientific system of housing prisoners, of providing suitable work and, what is equally important, suitable recreation, of diverting them with such enlightened schemes as competitive military drill, as at Elmira—all these things can be introduced for prison betterment, as they must be, but they will only be successful in proportion to the quality of the rank and file of the prison staff.

And prison staffs are affected by those they guard. In the relatively model prison at Sing Sing our condition is really deplorable. We are overcrowded—more than a thousand men above capacity. This compels us to use the old bastile that is unfit for human habitation—a prison almost a hundred years old. Such vital hygienic necessities as laundry and bathing are woefully neglected; and were it not for the humanizing (at least to men confined) influence of radio and the better talkies in conjunction with a decent diet, matters could not be run smoothly.

Reform, Not Punishment

But the practical management of a prison under existing conditions is too much a matter of the personal ability and integrity of those in charge. Serving on one of the advisory bodies of the Wickersham Commission, I became convinced, after perusing masses of reports that coincided with my own experience, that our social system errs in treating the prison problem as one of providing adequate punishment instead of prospective reform. The felon is banished for a time and society imagines it is through with him. Every day crime news proves this untrue.

I asked a desperate young man once how he got that way. He wasn't a gangster. He was a lone bandit and fairly intelligent. He said his home life had been unhappy and that in school he had been initiated into drink and gambling and sex—and so to Sing Sing.

So the prison problem really begins in the home. It is as deep as the springs of our social order.

When it reaches the higher and more complicated stage where the offender becomes a prisoner, society should so order matters that the individual is assayed. Although he wears a number he's still a man. Apart from usually weak-minded rural offenders, the bulk of prisoners derive from the cities and larger towns. This points to spacious prisons as the first requisite; places where men can breathe freely and work, when possible, in the open air or at least have adequate recreation outdoors. I believe no prison should be contiguous to a large city. Islands are ideal sites. Work and instruction should go hand in hand, the intelligence of the prisc raised and his self-confidence in hoi means of livelihood induced or restored. And, above all, we should have a parole system that really controls cases after they have been analyzed and segregated psychologically as individuals, not as type-offenders. This psychological evaluation of the prisoner is quite as important as his physical well-being, and even more neglected.

Gradually the public is becoming aware that mere confinement of criminals doesn't check crime. This is the beginning of recognition of the fundamental that to change bad men into good we must first determine that, in individual cases, this is possible; and when impossible we must see to it that the bad cannot unduly contaminate the potentially good.

We cannot hope to travel far in making prisons places for the rebuilding of character—and physique, which has much to do with character—unless we shake ourselves out of the frame of mind that regards prisoners as unintelligent outcasts instead of human beings who have the power of thought, however erratic that thought may be.

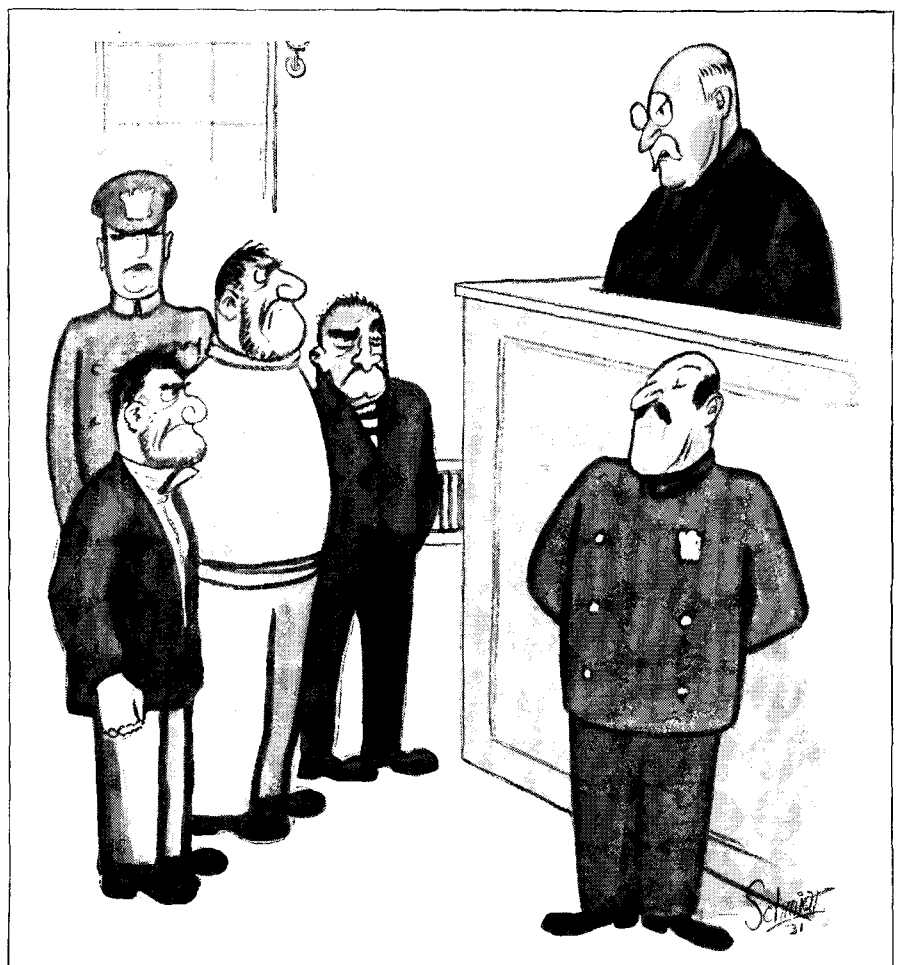
A Dangerous Topic

A distinguished lawyer was once invited to lecture before Sing Sing's prison population. I trusted his intelligence to pick an appropriate topic. Arrived at the prison he declared he had thought over a talk most suitable for the boys. The boys foregathered, about three thousand strong, to hear him.

"My friends," he announced, "I'm going to talk to you on something which I hope you will ponder here and particularly ponder when you leave prison—on the limits of personal liberty."

Instantly it became my energetic duty to quiet a barrage of well-deserved boos.

Until citizens as intelligent if not as distinguished as that legal light understand the prisoner mentality better, or delegate more power to those who do, we cannot expect the reforms we need to make society more secure.



"Now, which one of you gentlemen is 'Boo Boo Ratface' Ryan?"

Walter Schmidt

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Winter Range

Continued from page 25

Waterman after Harry Wilson, to countermand your call for men."

"He sure must have worried about that angle of it considerably," said Kentucky, "to be more heated up over that than about what had happened to Billy and Jim."

"Oh, I think he took what had happened to the boys hard enough, too; but he seemed to think that you and Lee Bishop could do everything that anybody could do. He didn't see any need for me to take more horses down there; I guess he was afraid to have me on that tough rimrock trail at night."

"But you came," Kentucky said.

"I told you I would—and I hadn't told him I wouldn't."

THERE was a light in the bunkhouse as they came into the Bar Hook layout, and Kentucky looked at Jean questioningly.

"I guess Joe St. Marie has come in," Jean said. "He wasn't here when I started out with the horses. Do you feel like explaining what's happened down on the Bake Pan all over again, to him?"

"No," said Kentucky.

"Neither do I," said Jean. "Let's let him stay where he is. I don't understand that boy anyway, very well."

"Does anyone?"

"I doubt it."

Together they rebuilt the fire in the stove and warmed up something to eat. In the press of events neither one of them took sufficient interest in food to remember afterwards what they had had. After they had eaten, Kentucky supposed that Jean would leave him to his own devices, or to turn in; but she lingered in the kitchen, reluctant to be alone. The night was very still; the occasional crackling of the big timbers in the frost sounded like pistol shots. When that house was full of people, light, warmth, no house could be more friendly, however the rimrock blizzards might howl beyond the sturdy walls. But tonight the house seemed very big, and very empty, to be inhabited by just one slim girl, all alone.

"I don't know but what I'll sleep in the lean-to tonight, here off the kitchen," Kentucky suggested.

"Yes, do," she said instantly. "I don't know what's the matter with me. The night seems so still, and so empty and so cold. . . ."

Jean sat down upon a low blanketed settee that stood between the stove and the corner wall, and Kentucky came and sat beside her. There were circles under Jean Ragland's eyes; she was beginning at last to show the effects of the strain which the last ten days had placed upon her. But as she turned to look into his face, he learned again that her blue eyes could be deep and unreadable. Jean Ragland's eyes could pull the heart out of a man, without seeming to intend appeal, or to desire it. He wondered what lay deep down within those eyes which could look so silently, so secretively wise.

"Tell me the truth, Kentucky," she said. "You still don't have any theory?"

He slowly shook his head.

"You still think that if you stay here you will—find out?"

"Jean," he said, "do you want me to find out who killed Mason?"

She shot him a curious but untranslatable glance. He thought that she was not going to answer him; but after a moment she said, "Yes."

For no reason that he could name, he wondered instantly if she had lied. "The facts are beginning to add up a little bit now," he said.

"What are you waiting for?" she said. "What's keeping the answer from you?"

He hesitated. She looked so pitifully tired that he could hardly bring himself to bear down upon her now. Yet he knew that he would be unlikely to have as good a chance again to persuade her to tell him what she knew.

"What is holding me up?" he repeated. "You, Jean."

"I?" she said sharply.

He was silent while he got out his tobacco sack and papers and began the making of a cigarette. "Don't you think," he said, "that it's about time for you to tell me what you know?"

She stared at the stove, but without seeing the stove. "What makes you think I know anything, Kentucky?"

"Because you once had a theory of your own. You didn't take the bullet at the inquest without having a definite reason, a definite theory of this crime."

She said almost inaudibly, "Yes; that's true. But that blew up when Zack Sanders was found dead. I swear to you, Kentucky—my theory is dead—utterly impossible now."

"That isn't the point," he insisted. "The point is that you did have a theory. That theory was based on something. Something that you saw. Or maybe something that you heard, or knew."

She turned toward him, but defensively; and as she met his eyes her own were tormented. "You—I—"

His keen gray gaze fixed her unwaveringly. "I'm not going to let you evade me any more," he said.

Suddenly some resistance within Jean Ragland seemed to break. She swayed against him and, turning, hid her face against his shoulder. She was breathing in long, quavering drags; not sobbing, but as if very close to sobs.

For a moment Kentucky Jones sat motionless. Then he flicked his unlighted cigarette into the kindling box and took the girl into his arms, gently, as if she were a weary child.

Her hands clung to him as he drew her into his arms. She said in a small voice, "Hold me tight, Kentucky. The night is so still, so cold. I keep thinking of how Jim Humphreys is lying tonight, down on the Pan." Presently she turned her face upward to him, with closed eyes, and he kissed her. For a moment, with her face turned inward toward his shoulder, she pressed her cheek hard against his; so that when she hid her eyes in the hollow of his shoulder again, there was visible upon her cheek a faint color where the unshaved bristle of his jaw had pressed.

THEY sat there for some time, there in the corner beyond the stove, in silence except for the soft crackling of the embers of the fire. As he sat with the girl in his arms the coldness and the bleak sense of disaster seemed to go out of the night, and the quiet lost its hostility. That brief hour in which he felt against his body the faint beating of her heart seemed illimitably precious; as if he were here serving as a utility for a little while in a destiny immeasurably beyond and above his own.

Yet he had no illusions concerning the part he was playing here. He believed, as definitely as he had ever believed anything in his life, that she had put herself in his arms as a last resort—silencing his questions in this way when she could no longer otherwise evade them. But some grim factor within him humbly bowed its head, waiting for a different day.

Jean stirred at last, and freed her-

(Continued on page 48)

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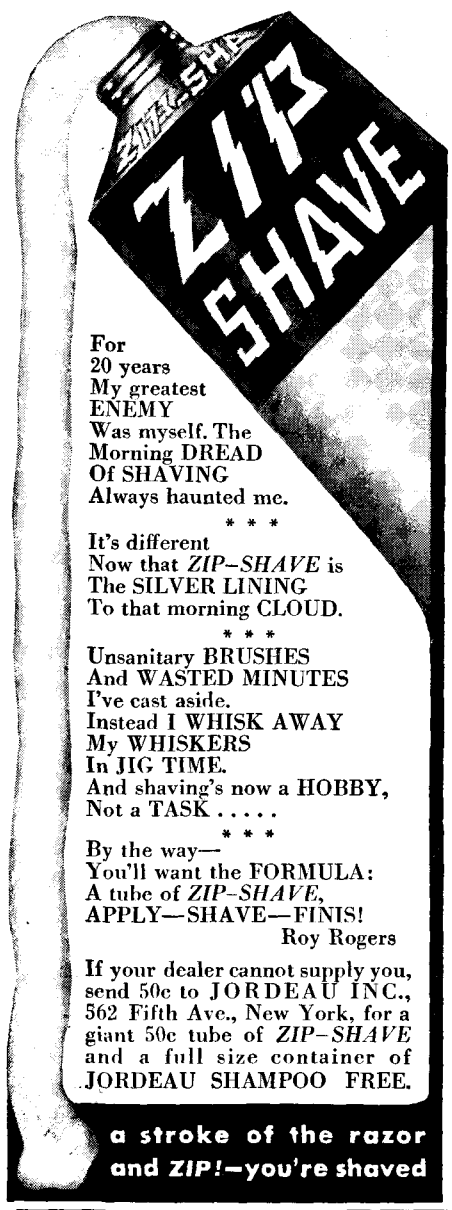

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(Continued from page 47)

self lazily from his arms. She smiled at him faintly, her eyes dreamy, misty with sleepiness. "I'm dead for sleep," she told him; "I think I can sleep now—better than I have been, these nights."

He let her go, and when she was gone he smoked his postponed cigarette in a curiously mixed mood, half softened, half grimly ironic. Presently he went to Zack Sanders' bunk and, lying down without taking off his clothes, was almost immediately asleep.

NOT more than half an hour could have passed when he was jerked broad awake by a fluttering knock upon his door. Before he could answer it, the door opened half hurriedly, half in stealth, and Jean's whisper came to him through the dark, "Kentucky, are you there?"

"Here, Jean." He jerked a match out of his pocket and struck it into flame with his thumb nail.

As he stood up she came close to him, her eyes very big and dark in her pale face. She was wrapped in a brushed wool robe of a red and white Navajo pattern, so much too big for her that it was more like a blanket than a garment. Its ill-fitting folds lay open at her neck, revealing white shoulders and flimsy silk. And about her shoulders bushed the magnificent mass of her fine-spun hair, its color a smoky red-gold in the flare of the match. She was wearing moccasins, and without the high heels of her riding boots she looked less tall than he was accustomed to think of her, and somehow infinitely softer and more easily hurt.

"Jean—what is it?"

"Kentucky—somebody is walking all around us—just as quietly as—one of Joe St. Marie's ghosts."

The hurried phrasing gave him a queer turn for a moment as if she implied she could see things that he could not. "All around us? What do you mean?"

"I mean around the layout here—near the house."

"How many of them?"

"I only saw one."

"Did it look like anybody you know?"

"I couldn't tell. He was carrying something on his shoulders. Then I thought I heard a walking horse."

"Where did you see this?"

"From the window of my room. I couldn't stand it alone there any more. Sometimes I think I'm going crazy."

"Let's have a look." Kentucky picked up his gun belt.

"Be quiet," she cautioned him.

"O. K."

She groped for his hand and led the way through the cold dark of the long ranch house.

Jean's room was a small square one in the farther corner, somehow not as big nor as commodious as he had expected. It had two windows, one of which was wide open, so that the room was as frostily cold as the outdoors. At this window she knelt, peering out into the snow-reflected starlight, and he dropped to one knee beside her.

"I first saw him from my bed," she whispered. "He went—"

She seized his arm, and he heard her breath in her teeth. "What's that? There, close in the shadow of the pumphouse?"

Kentucky looked hard where she pointed. He could not at once be sure whether he saw anything or not; but as he stared, straining his eyes against the bad light, he presently began to believe that he could make out the crouching figure of a man.

For what seemed a long time they knelt there, their eyes fixed upon the shadow against the pumphouse. Once Kentucky was certain that he not only perceived the whole outline of the crouched figure, but had seen it move; and his hand moved toward his gun. But the shadow blurred and lost outline again, and he waited, unsure.

When the telephone broke into abrupt outcry in the house behind them, the sudden burst of sound struck across their tense nerves like the crack of a whip against fiddle strings. Jean jerked violently; then, pulling herself together, whispered, "Damn!" The telephone continued to ring.

Kentucky whispered, "One of us will have to answer that. I think you'd better go."

Jean Ragland hesitated, then silently obeyed. With his eyes riveted upon their mark, Kentucky listened for what seemed a long time to the low murmur of Jean's voice, two rooms away.

Presently, alone, and with his eyes accustomed to their work, he saw the secret of the mysterious shadow dissolve, so that he finally recognized it for what it was—a bush, a wagon spring, and a broken buckboard wheel. Wherever he might be now, whoever Jean had seen prowl the layout was no longer in the shadow of the pumphouse—and had not been since they had watched that shadow together.

Disgusted, Kentucky rose, straightening his cramped knees. One long step from the window stood Jean Ragland's bed. He could see almost as much of the terrain from its edge as he could from the sill, and he now sat down upon it, careful to avoid a creaking of the springs.

Her bed was still warm to his hand, where Jean had lain and tried to sleep; and for a moment he marveled that the toss of circumstances should have brought him so near to this girl, even for so little time. Then—he noticed something else.

Something was wrong with the mattress upon which he sat. Unmistakably, there was something within that mattress that had nothing to do with sleep. Suddenly Kentucky dropped to one knee beside the bed and thrust his hand between the mattress and the sheet.

Buried in the mattress his fingers found the polished wood of a rifle stock; and beside it, dismounted, the cool, smooth steel of the barrel. For a moment his hand rested on these while something turned over in the pit of his stomach and refused to go back into place. He withdrew his hand and sat down limply on the edge of the bed. He was not ready to say what the discovery meant; but he knew instantly that Jean was more deeply involved than he had supposed—perhaps far more deeply. "Dear God," he whispered, "what have we here? What have we here?"

THE murmur of Jean's voice within the house had ceased; and though he did not hear her moccasins, he heard the faint stir of the door as she came into the room. He stood up. She came close to him and her hand touched his arm.

"That shadow was a misdeal," he whispered. "There isn't anybody in that shadow. I don't believe there's anybody out there any more."

She said, "Oh."

He felt infinitely gentle toward her, and compassionate. Presently he knew that he would have to ask her why that rifle was concealed in her mattress. He was unable to ask her yet. "What was the phone call?" he asked.

"It was Mark Ferris, that gunsmith at Waterman. He's still trying to trace Zack Sanders' gun for you."

"Yes? Quick! What did he say?"

"He said—" Jean was shivering so violently that she could hardly control the chattering of her teeth.

"Wait a minute." Kentucky picked her up, sweeping her off her feet with an arm under her knees, and laid her on the open bed; then pulled the blankets over her, and pressed the edges close about her throat. "Now go on," he said.

"He said that he got to thinking that maybe you'd made a mistake in reading the number you wanted traced. He started looking through his records again on the idea that you might have mistaken an 8 for a 3. He thinks now that that is what you did; because he has a record of such a gun, except that the serial number begins with 8. He's sure that this is the gun you meant. He sold it second-hand about a year ago."

"In God's name, woman, who did he sell it to?"

"To Joe St. Marie."

For perhaps half a moment Kentucky Jones was completely still. Then he sucked in a deep breath and began to swear through his teeth with the vicious intonation of a man who puts his whole heart into it. He had suddenly become aware that he had perhaps put off the formation of one theory for a little bit too long.

Suddenly he whirled to the window, crouched low to avoid the sash, and vaulted the sill. He heard Jean speak his name behind him, but he was racing for the bunkhouse. A match was already in his hand as he thrust open the door; he struck it on the logs and with quick, efficient motions lighted one of the hanging lamps.

"St. Marie—" he said aloud.

JOE ST. MARIE'S bunk was empty. The bronc rider's bed roll was gone, and the slenderly made, silver-mounted bridle of Indian workmanship which he had always kept hanging at the head of his bunk. Kentucky blew out the light, and left the bunkhouse on the dead run. He headed now for the corral nearest the pumphouse, and sprang halfway up the corral fence. The big claybank—the fastest horse on the place—was missing!

Once more Kentucky drove through the clogging snow, this time to the house; here he got his hat and his coat, his gloves and his spurs. After that he went to the stable for his saddle and rope, and without hesitation put a loop upon the pony which he believed would come the nearest to matching the claybank's performance tonight—a wiry, almost undersized steel-dust pony, strong with the markings of Indian blood. The pony was salty with the cold, and nervous with the haste of Kentucky's movements; but Kentucky already had the blanket on and was swinging his fifty-pound saddle aboard by the horn as Jean, coming out from the house, reached his side.

"What—where are you going? What's happened?"

A sudden crazy anger came into Kentucky, like a stroke of white lightning. At its impact all the compassion, all the tenderness he had felt for this girl seemed to vanish, as if she had held him under a hypnosis, the spell of which had snapped. He turned on her furiously.

"What is it to you where I go or what I do? Men put their hands in the lion's mouth for you, and you tell them nothing—not even enough so that they can take care of their own lives!"

She stared at him a moment in bewilderment, and one hand went to her throat. "Why, Kentucky—why, Kentucky—I've told you more—more than—"

He said, "You trust no one, you work with no one; everyone trusts you, and you let us all ride blind."

He turned furiously to his horse and drew the latigo up with a snap that jerked a grunt out of the animal. And he set his teeth in his lip lest he utter the belief which had overwhelmed him: that Jim Humphreys had died because of the reticence of this slim girl, now standing beside him in the snow.

(To be continued next week)

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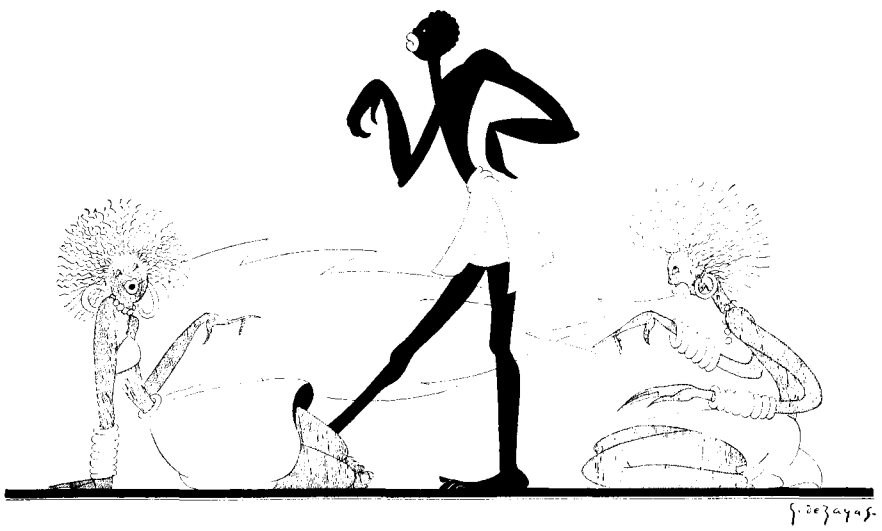


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In the African jungle today, there are many tribes whose women have a secret language of their own which they never have taught and never will teach to any man.

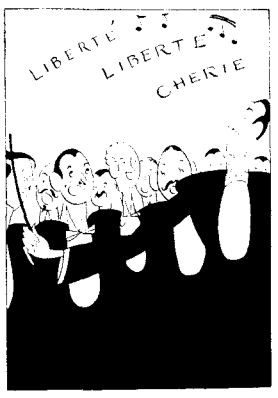
Cognac brandy, the quintessence of the grape wine from which it is distilled, and known for centuries as the "True Elixir of Life" because of its medicinal properties, often is matured—in oak casks—for more than 70 years.

The most common first name of men and boys throughout the world today is Mohammed.—*By Helen L. Selig, Tallahassee, Florida.*

New business equipment: A payroll satchel which discharges a cloud of tear gas when jerked from the messenger; an all-aluminum milk can which is strong, light and requires no lining, and a machine for large companies which automatically sorts and distributes incoming mail.

One out of every two persons born into the world dies before the age of 18.—*By Ola M. Wright, Vernon, Texas.*

One of the farces of modern civilization—the breach-of-promise suit—has been barred from the law courts of Sweden, except in cases in which a child is involved.



Nearly one third of the adult male population of France today are bachelors, the largest single group of philosophers in existence.

Osmium, the world's heaviest substance, weighs 251,100 times as much as hydrogen, the world's lightest substance. — *By George M. Johnson, New Haven, Connecticut.*

In music-loving Germany, the constant broadcasting of phonograph records has so decreased their sale that their manufacturers have forbidden the stations to use them any longer.

Scientists, in their experiments with the growth control of animals, have made bulldogs, salamanders and rats grow to double their normal size through injections of a fluid from the pituitary glands of oxen and sheep.

The Peking News, which has been published continuously for more than 1,400 years, is today the oldest newspaper in the world. It began publication about 500 A. D., or 950 years before printing from movable type was invented in Europe.

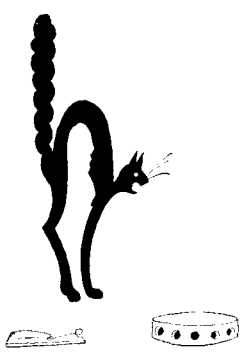
Urga, Mongolia, has one of the world's most appalling prisons. The cells are coffins—4 feet long by 2½ feet high—piled on one another in a dungeon. The prisoners are chained permanently in them and cannot stand, sit up or even stretch out. Death is the most welcomed visitor.

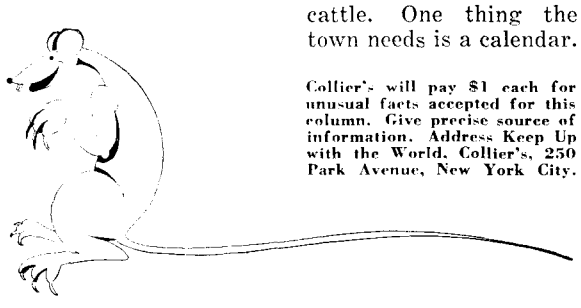
After every movie show, theatrical performance and concert in England today, the audience and players stand and sing the national anthem, God Save the King. — *By Edith E. Humphrey, New York City.*

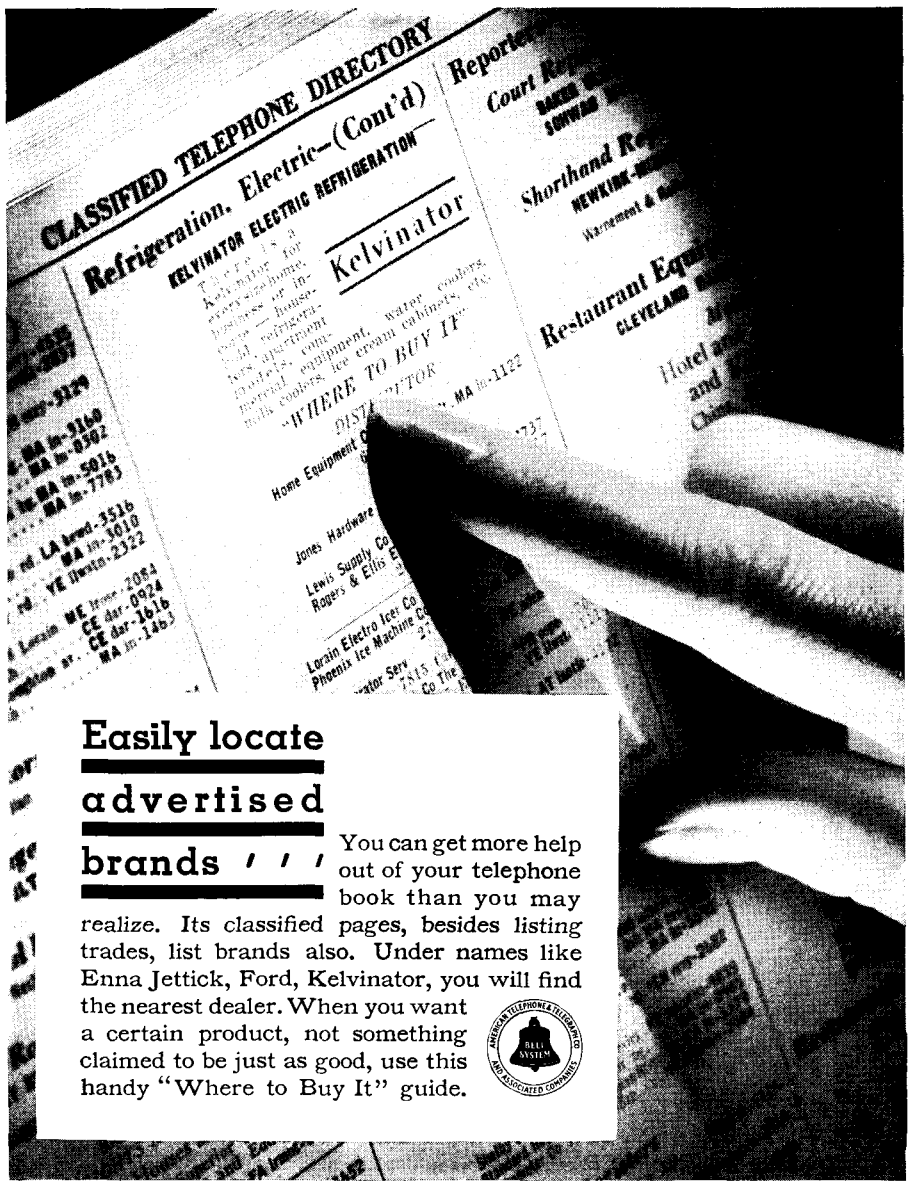
The kettledrum, the only kind of drum having a definite musical pitch, must be tuned, before being played, to the key in which the piece is written.—*By Sheldon I. Myers, San Francisco, California.*

Shatill, a medieval village of the U. S. S. R., has only two streets and they run parallel. The big-hearted men exclusively reserve the wide, clean one for themselves and horses, and the small one for the women and cattle. One thing the town needs is a calendar.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.







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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

The Washington Mob

NOT since the reconstruction days following the Civil War has an American Congress appeared to worse advantage than did the members of this Seventy-second Congress during the turbulent first days of this session.

Last June, when President Hoover became convinced that one year's suspension of intergovernmental debts was essential, he laid his proposals before the individual members of the House and the Senate.

Ogden L. Mills, Undersecretary of the Treasury, testified that 276 of the 435 members of the House and 68 of the 96 senators gave their pledges to the Administration that they would support the moratorium.

Acting on this pledge of approval, President Hoover proposed the moratorium. At the time of its adoption, there were few dissenting voices. National welfare rose above partisan consideration and Mr. Hoover was assured that Congress would endorse his action.

Yet when the time to ratify arrived, Congress hesitated and refused to act before December 15th when payments were due. Instead of ratifying the moratorium, members of Congress indulged in futile bursts of fury against Mr. Hoover and Europe.

The attitude of Congress was one of hesitation. If the moratorium, which was generally popular in June, was unpopular in December, let the President carry the load, it was frankly said. Congress wanted a scapegoat and was willing to sacrifice the President on the altar of its fears.

It does not matter whether President Hoover is liked or disliked by Congress. Public faith and honorable dealing rise above personalities and partisan considerations. By its timorous delay and reckless disregard of facts Congress brought itself, and not the President, into contempt. Opinions may differ concerning the present effectiveness of the moratorium but opinions do not differ concerning personal honor and courage.

Not since war days has any Congress had a fairer opportunity to serve the American people.

The problems and issues which must be considered are intricate and difficult. All the experience, intelligence and sober judgment which members of Congress can muster will be needed if right decisions are to be reached.

Instead of approaching its vast responsibilities calmly and intelligently, Congress has indulged in a frenzied exhibition of partisan and personal acrimony. To hear Senator Hiram Johnson describe him, we might imagine that the President of the United States was the head of an enemy nation.

The shocking demonstration of practical politics will of course fade out and Congress will finally settle down to honest labor. Immeasurable damage, however, has already been done to the prestige of the law-making body by delay, inaction and unbridled hysteria.

Fortunately our business recovery is not wholly dependent upon what Congress does or neglects to do. Good times will return even though congressmen talk foolishly.

By intelligent, public-spirited action, however, Congress could be of enormous service in hastening recovery.

The best possible service Congress can offer is a demonstration of its desire to forswear all mean considerations and to act only in the public interest.

Emergency plans of the utmost importance have been referred to Congress. Amendments to the Federal Reserve Acts, the establishment of a National Finance Corporation, the creation of a commission to reëxamine the war debts, are highly important to the national well-being. By no conceivable stretch of the imagination can any of these or kindred proposals be made Democratic or Republican.

The tax bills cannot be made partisan measures. Whatever is done must be enacted by a House which has a Democratic majority and a Senate controlled by Republicans. This is not a time in the history of the United States for a prejudiced consideration of tax matters.

Nobody cares about the private feuds of senators and representatives. What the taxpayers who are voters want is a measure which provides essential governmental revenues with the least necessary burden to the people.

This is not the time when congressmen can ingratiate themselves with the public by the spurious coin of empty words.

What foreign governments pay us on the war debts and on the private loans will depend upon the facts of international commerce and not upon congressional resolutions. Any creditor, national or individual, wants what is due him. The practical questions are: What can be paid and how best can the money be transferred?

A government without income doesn't pay its bills whether that government be Chicago, a Tennessee county or Germany.

Chicago would not be helped by a violent resolution passed by the Illinois legislature, and Germany's capacity to pay is not increased by an expression of irritation on the part of our Congress.

Thoughtful action designed in the national interest will prove more potent in winning public favor than spiteful oratory aimed at political rivals. Congress will improve its own position by forgetting politics.

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As unerringly as a jeweler *picks the perfect gem . . .*

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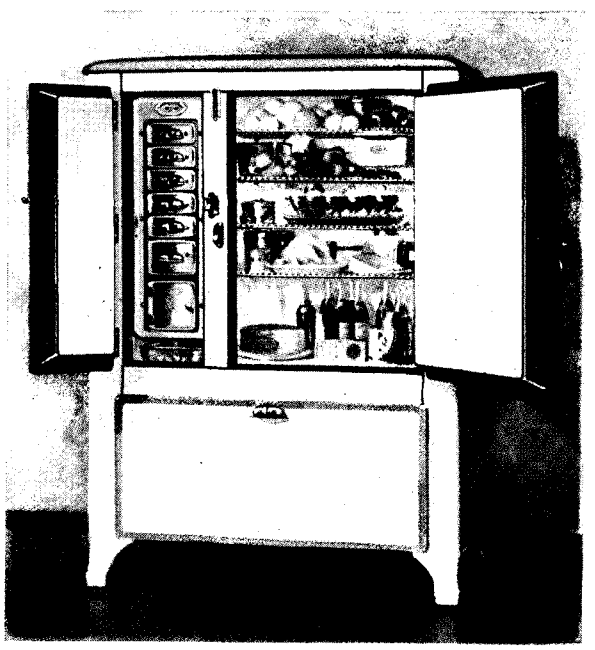
- Is the refrigerator manufactured by a reliable company with proper experience in the electric refrigeration field?
- Is there plenty of food and shelf space?
- Is the cabinet itself well designed, sturdily built and properly insulated?
- Is there provision for the freezing of an adequate supply of ice cubes? (Quantity of ice rather than number of cubes, which may be of large or small size, should be taken into consideration.)
- Will the refrigerator constantly maintain a proper temperature for the preservation of foods?
- Can the freezing of ice cubes and desserts be speeded up when the need arises?
- Can this extra freezing speed for ice cubes be had without affecting the temperature on the food shelves? (Too low a temperature on the shelves, will, of course, injure food.)
- Is there a place to keep meat, fish, game, "quick frosted" foods or an extra supply of ice cubes indefinitely at a *below* freezing temperature?
- Are these various temperatures (*a.* extra fast freezing; *b.* fast freezing; *c.* below freezing for storage; and *d.* normal food preservation temperature)—*automatically* maintained *without any attention from the owner?*
- Does refrigerating unit operate frequently or at infrequent intervals? (Other conditions being equal, the fewer the "stops" and "starts", the longer the unit will last and the less it will cost to run.)
- Will the cooling unit continue to cool the refrigerator for 10 or 12 hours even though the current is shut off?
- Can the back parts of all the shelves, even the lowest, be reached without kneeling or sitting down?
- Has provision been made for keeping vegetables fresh and crisp?
- Can the top of the refrigerator be used to "set things down for a moment" while the contents of the cabinet are being re-arranged?
- Is the refrigerator so designed and finished as to add to the attractiveness of the kitchen?
- Has the experience of users over a considerable period of time shown that the refrigerator is long-lived and dependable?



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